# The Outlook

AUGUST 10, 1921

## A VITAL BRITISH FORCE

A STOCKY, broad-shouldered, powerful, energetic Britisher is visiting America. He is the first Viscount Northcliffe, of St. Peter, in the County of Kent, England. He has been better known as Alfred Harmsworth. He is fifty-six years old, and was born in County Dublin, Ireland. His rise from the editorship of a small comic paper to his present position of newspaper magnate, peer of England, and one of her rich men certainly illustrates "the romance of business."

Lord Northcliffe controls the London "Times" and the "Daily Mail" and is the directive mind of, it is said, some two hundred publications in the British Empire. He also controls large factories and other industries. He is thus a man of notable organizing ability and executive capacity.

During the war his rather roughly positive manner stood him in good stead. In England, as elsewhere, it was necessary for a leader to be not only a prophet but also a hard fighter. He vigorously showed England how she was blunderingly going ahead on old-fashioned notions as to munitions while Germany was winning by high explosives. His conclusions were confirmed by the observations recorded in his book, "At the War," published in 1916, and he converted England. The following year the Government appointed him Chairman of the British War Mission to the United States, the first time that a practicing journalist had been given a public mission to another country as British representative. Lord Northcliffe's special task was not diplomatic, but industrial, namely, to co-ordinate the work of the various British missions, representing a number of British Government departments, established here and charged with supplying war needs.

Above all, about the time of the armistice Lord Northcliffe made an illuminating contribution to the discussion of the forthcoming peace. Had his suggestions for the prompt determination of the war under terms to be administered by interallied commissions been adopted, an incalculable amount of present distress and unrest would have been avoided.

## THE LONDON "TIMES"

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S many and far-reaching activities inevitably made him a power in politics. Indeed, Mr.

Underwood
VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE ON THE STEAMER AS HE ARRIVED IN AMERICA

Asquith's resignation as Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George's rise to supreme command were, we believe, largely due to the Northcliffe influence.

At present that influence opposes the Premier. A recent issue of the "Times," referring to the approaching arms conference at Washington, goes so far as to say that "neither the Premier nor the Foreign Minister is fitted by his position, temperament, or past career to take a direct part in these negotiations." The Government's resentment, also aroused by much previous nagging, was instantly shown and its punishment was both severe and puerile. The Government official news sources were closed to the "Times," Mr. Lloyd George publicly declaring the "Times" article to have been "peculiarly offensive and mischievous." Despite such ructions, the "Times" will continue to be, we are sure, as it always has been called, "The Thunderer." And its thunder has often cleared the air amazingly.

Lord Northcliffe is a great admirer of America, and, under him, some American features now distinguish the publication of the "Times," among them the feature of special editions. The latest of these to reach us is the "American Edition," appropriately published on July 4 and distributed *gratis*. It contains contributions from prominent Americans, among them being President Harding, ex-President Taft, ex-Secretary Lansing, ex-Presidents Eliot of Harvard and Hadley of Yale, Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the American "Review of Reviews," and Mr. Frank Cobb, editor of the New York "World." Mr. Harding sums up the greatest achievement of the English-speaking peoples in the past by saying that they have spread over the globe "the idea of law as the bed-rock of liberty." The complementary power of these peoples for good cannot exert its full mission, the "Times" comments, unless there are mutual understandings. Such an evidence of understanding as is the American number of the "Times" can only promote them.

The recent publication in New York of an interview with Mr. Wickham Steed, editor of the London "Times," has stirred the two countries. For in it the King was quoted as expressing impatience with the Government's laggard methods in Ireland. The King denied the statement and Mr. Steed repudiated that part of the interview as not his. In England the interview was mistakenly ascribed to Lord Northcliffe himself. When this error was corrected, Lord Northcliffe remarked: "The incident is closed."

## A BRITISH-AMERICAN TIE

EXPERIENCE has proved that the harder men contest with one another in friendly rivalries the better friends they are. That is why international athletics among amateurs, particularly if those amateurs have high standards of sportsmanship, promote good international relations.

The recent athletic contests between English university men and men from American universities have furnished a good illustration of this fact.

After encountering defeat from the Yale-Harvard team, the men from Oxford and Cambridge caused general surprise by securing a tie with the men from Princeton and Cornell. The events



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in the second contest, which was held at Travers Island, Long Island Sound, were practically the same as those at the Harvard Stadium. It was generally believed that the Princeton-Cornell team was as strong as the Harvard-Yale team, but the British team did much better than was expected. Second places were not counted. Each side won five events.

Thus this second contest was a tie in a double sense.

## KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

OUR farmers are in distress. Our transporters are in distress. Both need money. They need it right away.

The farmers are trying to get the Government to help them. It can do so in several ways, they say. One way would be to increase the amounts loanable in the Federal Farm Loan system. Another way would be to allow the Federal Reserve banks to rediscount farm paper at twice the length of present maximum limit for that paper's maturity. A third way—economically unsound, we believe, and yet powerfully urged at present in the United States Senate—would be to form a Government agency with a capital of a hundred million dollars and authority to issue a billion dollars' worth of bonds for the purpose of buying farm products and exporting them, acting as agent for any producer or dealer of these products and marketing all agricultural exports. Why should a new Government agency be necessary, and further, why should a new debt be incurred (already outrageously overburdened taxpayers would have to provide the hundred million dollars), when we can utilize an existing agency and its available credits of several hundred million dollars in helping toward the needed loans? Farm loans should represent actual business, and such loans as the Government makes should be confined to those for which credit cannot be found because ordinary banking facilities have become inadequate for the necessary financial advances. But there should be no disposition to use such means to aid producers and dealers who wish merely to be enabled to hold stock and so stiffen prices.

Our transporters are also trying to get the Government to help them. They still owe the Government for some of the railway extensions and improvements it made during the war. On the other hand, the Government is still owing them even larger sums for unpaid rentals, for lack of maintenance of equipment, and for depreciation. The contract covering the Government's railway operations during the war provided that the railways should be returned to their owners in as good condition as when taken over. In its ideal of efficiency, however, the Government made extravagant expenditures and huge wage increases, both meeting with adverse criticism from practical railway operators. Despite the Government's efforts, there was serious under-maintenance and the roads were returned in poor condition. The Railway Administration has declined to pay its debts until the amounts owing to the Government are deducted. Ordinarily the railway companies would issue bonds to cover expenditures for extensions and improvements. Why should not they be permitted to do so now, delaying cash payment, say, ten years, and why should not the War Finance Corporation take the railway notes and bonds, sell them, and turn over a substantial part of the Government's debt to the railways—say, five hundred million dollars in cash to them? The President asks Congress to authorize the corporation thus to help both agriculture and transportation.

For the first measure of relief there is moral obligation. For the second there is obligation both moral and contractual.

## THE SEIZED SHIPS

No act of the United States Shipping Board under its new régime has been as dramatic as the seizure by its agents of vessels chartered by it to the United States Mail Steamship Company. These boats included the notable George Washington (formerly a German ship, and now the largest and finest passenger vessel under American registry), the America, and the Mount Vernon (the German Amerika and Kronprinzessin Cecilie, respectively), and other German liners.

The seizure was due to the charterers' alleged failure to observe provisions as regards payments to the Shipping Board in their contract. On the other hand, it is claimed that the Shipping Board's agents did not observe a charter provision that any dispute should be arbitrated.

The Shipping Board thereupon allocated five of the seized vessels to the United American Lines Service, a part of the American Ship and Commerce Corporation, which has a twenty-year contract with the Hamburg-American Line, affording participation by each in the tonnage and pier facilities of the transatlantic service of the other. The United States Mail Steamship Company has a similar but less far-reaching five-year contract with the North German Lloyd Line. Doubtless, with the above contracts, the Germans intend to make use of our boats merely to bridge over the period from the present until the time when they shall again have an adequate amount of tonnage fully to maintain their old transatlantic services themselves. To this end they are progressing rapidly. The director of the Hamburg-American is quoted as saying that within three years his company will have regained one-third of its pre-war strength. And the Hamburg-American, be it remembered, was the largest line in the world.

The United States Mail Steamship Company applied to the courts for a restraining order to prevent the Shipping Board from interfering with the operation of the chartered vessels. It was granted, and the America sailed with freshly painted and repainted funnels! We shall now see whether the Shipping Board will succeed in getting the injunction from the courts vacated.

To the casual observer who obtains his knowledge of the facts in this controversy from the newspapers it appears very much like a contest between two German steamship lines, with Americans acting as subordinates and providing the camouflage. We cannot for a moment believe that the United States Shipping Board has had any purpose in this of giving Germany an advantage; but it seems strange that the Shipping Board should have attempted to take ships from a line having a five-year arrangement with one set of German interests and to turn them over to a line having a twenty-year arrangement with another set of German interests. There must be some good reason why the Board has not shown this favor to American lines without German connection, such as the Munson or the Roosevelt Line. It was only three years ago that Germany, supported by German shipping influences, was engaged in piracy on the high seas. So far we have seen no evidence of contrition on the part of the German ship-owners for what Germany did to destroy the fine traditions and the safeguards of seafaring life. It is not pleasant to think that Americans want to make the Boches partners in the enterprise of building up the American merchant marine.

## THE MENACE OF MALNUTRITION

A WARNING was lately issued by the United States Public Health Service of possible, and even probable, increased mortality in Southern States from the disease known as pellagra. The authorities of some of the States indicated seem inclined to resent the warning and declare that the situation is not nearly as bad as represented. The reply to this is that pellagra is not an epidemic which springs up suddenly and spreads rapidly by infection. It is a disease caused by malnutrition—or

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**WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT**
**I SUMMON UP REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST**

*(Shakespeare, Sonnet XXX)*

*Darling in the New York Tribune*

RIGHT ABOUT HERE 8 OR 9 YEARS AGO, ONE OF THESE STAGE COACHES WENT OFF THE EDGE.... HAD TO PICK THE WHOLE PARTY UP IN A BASKET.
THE NEW TARIFF BILL
PAYNE ALDRICH TARIFF BILL

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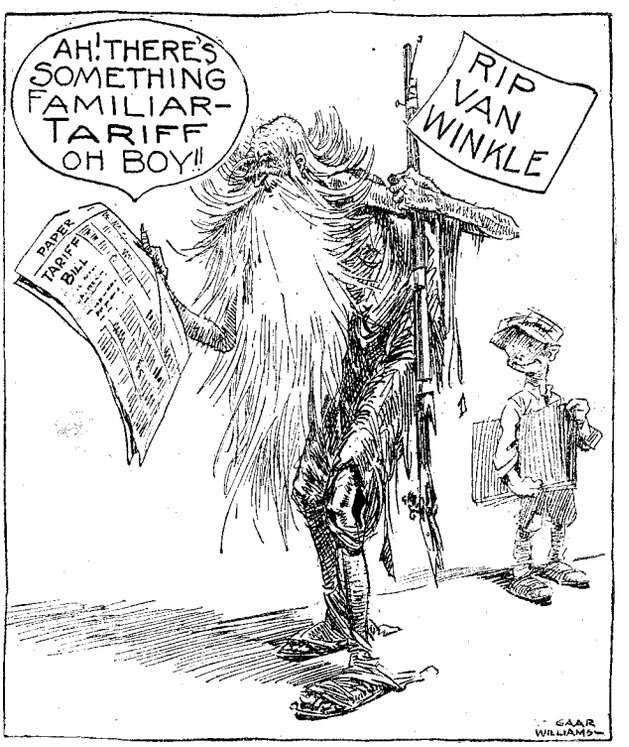
A NICE LITTLE SUMMER OUTING FOR CONGRESS

*Williams in the Indianapolis News*




SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

From H. M. Fosdick, Indianapolis, Ind.

*Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service*

CAN THE PULMOTOR REVIVE BUSINESS?

*Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial*

YES, THERE SHOULD SOON BE AN AWAKENING

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

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perhaps more accurately by lack of nutrition as regards certain important elements of a properly balanced diet. Thus, the United States medical authorities point out, if loss of health and widespreading death is to be avoided, it must be by prevention rather than by cure, as the disease is peculiarly difficult to deal with when it is under full headway.

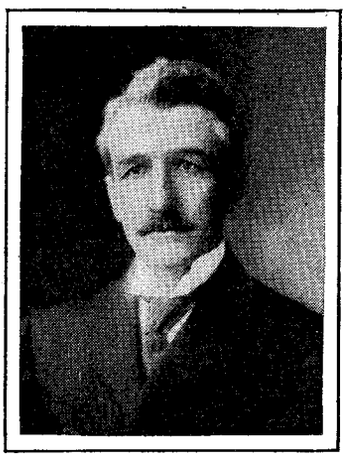
When, a dozen years ago or so, the news from Italy showed terrible records of death from pellagra, it was thought that the cause was some poisonous element in the corn consumed in such quantities by the Italian peasants. Later it was determined that pellagra was due to a diet composed almost solely of cereals. Now, what has happened in our Southern States is that the diet, especially among the poorer families, has not contained much, if any, milk and fresh vegetables. The case is quoted of one town of five thousand people in which the daily milk consumption is less than five hundred quarts. There has been an attempt to introduce pasteurized milk and the use of fresh vegetables among the poorer classes. This ought to be increased and encouraged by local authorities, but the difficulties in the rural districts and small towns in some Southern States are great. It is known, so the Federal Board of Health states, that the lack of protein and the chemical elements from fresh fruits and vegetables and the corresponding excess of starches and fat in the diet deprive the persons thus limited of one of the vitamines—for there are more than one—with the most unhappy results.

It may be that the statements given out after the recent conference between the Public Health Service and representatives of the Red Cross were a little injudicious in the forecast that one hundred thousand persons in the Southern cotton belt would have pellagra this summer and that ten per cent of the number would die. It is always rash to predict calamities from inductive reasoning. But there can be no doubt that wrong eating (no matter how great a quantity of the wrong thing may be eaten) may be not unfairly described in the words, "a particular kind of semi-starvation," used by the report of the Public Health Service and followed by the assertion that it may be five months before the evil result manifests itself in pellagra, but that after that "it does so with appalling rapidity."

## THE PERIL OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

In the annals of mountain climbing there have been many terrible accidents, but none more tragic or more appealing to sympathy than that which befell Dr. Stone, President of Purdue University, and his wife in a far-distant part of Alberta in Canada. Not even the Matterhorn tragedy, in which Sir Frederick Douglas and his companions were lost through the breaking of a rope—a story told with all its thrilling and dramatic incidents by Mr. Whymper, in what is almost a classic among mountain-climbing narratives—appealed so poignantly to the feelings and sympathies of all readers.

Dr. Stone and his wife were experienced climbers, but they unwisely attempted without others the ascent of Mount Eanon as a sort of preparation and training for a larger mountaineering expedition planned to set out from the Alpine Camp meet a week later. The first reports of the tragedy indicated that Dr. Stone had perished in an attempt to rescue his wife. In fact, the fatal accident was more moving than even that would have been. It was Mrs. Stone who nearly perished in a fruitless attempt to save her husband—an attempt so desperate and hopeless that it all the more gives evidence of her devotion and heroism.



Keystone

DR. WINTHROP ELLSWORTH STONE, PRESIDENT OF PURDUE UNIVERSITY, WHO LOST HIS LIFE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN CANADA

Dr. Stone, some distance in advance of his wife, fell suddenly and from an unknown cause. The fall was down a steep precipice to a great depth, and as we write attempts to recover the body have not been successful.

But the agonized wife made an astonishing effort to find and help her husband. She fought her way down the mountain-side, a long distance; according to one account, she lowered herself by a rope to reach the point where she thought he was, found the rope too short, and was forced to drop down, her fall fortunately broken by a ledge; while another report states that she had reached a point three thousand feet below the place where her husband fell and had fallen exhausted on the ledge of rock. At all events, on that ledge she remained for eight days without food and with only a little water from melted snow. But from time to time she called for help and waved her handkerchief, and thus she was finally found by searchers.

It is safe to say that nothing in the world's news of the week so riveted attention among readers as this pitiful and tragic incident. It has been said that the fatalities from mountain climbing are enormously in excess of those from all other athletic sports or recreations put together. One lesson from such an accident as this is that feats clearly dangerous should not be attempted by one or two persons without assistance of guides. Sometimes the accident is unpreventable; but even so a single survivor is placed in a situation of terror, danger, and helplessness that should never be possible.

## THE UNKNOWN SAHARA

We no longer see on our maps "The Great American Desert;" nowadays automobile tourists drive safely where a generation or two ago pioneers toiling painfully through the sand often dropped exhausted by the way. But the great Sahara Desert remains a picturesque and still a dangerous feature of the map of Africa. In point of fact, it never has been even completely explored. There is a great stretch in particular in northwestern Africa that has been practically unknown until quite recently. A French expedition under Major Lauzanne lately, however, made the journey from Algiers, on the northern coast, to Dakar, but it took them 159 days, and during the journey they lost a patrol of a number of men unwise enough to pursue bandits of the sand ocean who attacked them. They undoubtedly perished in the great wastes of the desert.

The object of this exploration was to map out the desert, and the results are no doubt satisfactory to geographers, although nothing was found except oceans of sand devoid of civilization and even life. Another French expedition met the first in a small oasis hundreds of miles from any coast, yet found that this oasis was a resort and central meeting-place of roaming bodies of Sahara bandits. The oasis, it is said, has never before been visited by white men.

Both expeditions suffered terribly from lack of water, and it was reported that some of the camels marched without water for four hundred miles.

These recent explorations of the Sahara were part of a system that the French Government has been carrying

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out the last two years. These have had the double motive of traversing country heretofore unknown and of establishing stations for possible aircraft use in an experimental air route of nearly two thousand miles that the French Government proposes to establish. Incidentally, an interesting feature of some of these desert expeditions has been the use of lorries or motor trucks, such as were used in the war, with wide tires, which save the vehicles from becoming embedded in the sand.

## THE MENACE OF A SUPER-TARIFF

WHEN travelers, sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar, round the southernmost point of Europe they see the little town of Tarifa. Its people used to force passing merchant vessels to pay tribute. The name of the town, becoming the French *tarif* and the English *tariff*, is now applied, as it was by the Spaniards and Arabs, to the tributes or rates or customs duties to be collected on merchandise.

Such duties are now collected in various countries (1) to help support the government and (2) also to encourage home industries.

Of these two the encouragement of home industries is the chief aim in this country; for how are our workmen, getting some dollars for a day of eight hours, going to compete with the labor of the Japanese, getting some cents for a day of twelve hours; or how are our metal goods men going to survive when here and now merchants are offering German cutlery and small tools at less than the cost of production in this country? If we want to compete with Japan and Germany, we must have something to equalize the difference in the cost of production here and abroad. And so we have thus been preserving and stimulating the growth of industries, which under unhindered competition would have languished. The protectionists believe it pays to increase the employment of millions of men and preserve their standard of living even if the price level of products to the consumer is incidentally somewhat raised.

Sometimes protection enables an infant industry to grow strong enough to compete with foreign producers and thus to bring down prices. An example of this is the coal-tar products industry. Before the war it was negligible here. As a consequence medicines derived from coal tar were costly. German aspirin then cost some ten dollars a pound. Now American aspirin brings a dollar a pound. Phenacetin was then sold to retail druggists at $16 a pound; it now sells for $1.65.

So it was with other coal-tar products. When the Payne Tariff was passed, some years ago, we were absolutely dependent on Germany for dyes. The war came, and we had to be self-dependent. We built up industries now capable of supplying nine-tenths of our needs. Germany is again free and can harm this industry unless we protect it.

The war developed a third use of coal-tar products. Not a man from the German dye plants was drafted during the war. The reason was evident when it became known that poison gases and high explosives could be made from the picric acid of the dye factories. Under these circumstances, are we going to encourage the German dye industry? England is not, France is not, and the same is true of Belgium, Italy, and Japan. They have all put up the bars against German dyestuffs.

The Fordney Tariff Bill has passed the House of Representatives. It is designed to protect us from German and other invasions of our cutlery, dyes, and other industries. But would it over-protect? The prevailing opinion that it would was responsible for the modification of the proposed embargo on dyes and for proposals concerning lumber, hides, cotton, oil, and asphalt, with the inevitable "compensatory" taxes.

Hence the first outstanding and significant feature of the passage of the Fordney Bill through the House of Representatives was the defeat pretty much all along the line of the extreme protectionists.

The second outstanding feature of the bill's passage was the introduction of a change in the basis of valuing imports. As every one knows who has bought goods abroad and sent them home, the foreign producer, wishing to curry favor with his customer, will himself propose to put down in the invoice a figure on which the tariff is to be collected, less than the real value of the goods bought. This fraud the Fordney Bill would correct by levying duties on the appraised value in this country and not in the country of origin. The reason for this change is also to deliver us from uncertain dependence on the rates of exchange for the money of the different countries—rates constantly changing and ranging from ninety down to five per cent of the former value of their respective currencies. While the change is doubtless desirable for these reasons, it can be, we believe, opposed for other reasons. Certainly, importers claim that any fraud in foreign appraisal would be matched by equal fraud in American appraisal; that the present system of valuing a purchase abroad is quickly known, and can be discounted at the bank in advance of delivery, thus releasing funds for use in other transactions; that with American valuation, however, importers could not determine the cost of merchandise before its appearance at the custom-house; again, that the great extension in this bill of ad valorem duties, no matter how low they may be, might carry an enormous increase because of unexpectedly high American valuation; and, finally, that an American valuation system would threaten or violate the "most favored nation" provision of our treaties.

The third outstanding feature of the Fordney Bill is found in its bargaining provisions. These empower the President to negotiate with foreign governments for the alteration of tariff rates. This, too, may be a two-edged sword, we think. True, the pendulum has been apparently swinging again towards reciprocity—the securing of reciprocal trade on the basis of reducing duties imposed on specified commodities. The bill provides for this. But it also provides for retaliation—retaliatory duties to meet discriminations of foreign countries against our products when found to impose conditions reciprocally unequal. For instance, the bill authorizes the President to put a duty on Canadian lumber equal to the Canadian duty on ours. Suppose he does. We are cutting our limited supply of timber four times as fast as the timber grows, and so we are taking all we can get from Canada to save our own. Canada's duty on our lumber means little, but to impose an equal duty on Canadian lumber would, it is argued, add $250 to $300 to the cost of the building material in the average workingman's dwelling. And this at a time when we need a million new homes and at least as many new farm buildings.

The fourth outstanding feature of the bill is its provision for increased protection to agriculture. Most of our tariffs have benefited manufacturers. But the Fordney Bill, the author of which is a Western man, has been primarily concerned with the farmer. At every stage of the debate in the House it was evident that there was no ambition to favor the industrialist at the expense of the agriculturist.

The Fordney Bill is thus an extraordinarily interesting document. Its author upholds it as a "Magna Charta." The Democratic House leader condemns it as a "monstrosity." It is, we think, neither. It does in considerable degree adhere to the following principles of protection:

1. It tends to equalize the cost of industry here and abroad, and thus to preserve the home market to agriculture and industry.

2. It tends to maintain steady wages

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and an American standard of living, and thus to preserve the home market to labor.

3. It may be expected to provide a proper Government revenue.

But then the question comes: Does it do all these things and not interfere with the cost of living or with our foreign trade? There's the rub. There is where the bad features of the bill are evident—features which tend to restrict business both domestic and foreign and not to expand it. Such restriction will make us poorer by unduly augmenting prices and by decreasing our ability to pay taxes. And as we are, so is the Government. Before long the Government will find itself in need of collecting the interest on the ten-billion-dollar debt our allies owe us; and trade restriction will prevent, or at least hinder, them from paying that interest.

A trade restriction bill was certainly not demanded by the people at large.

Before the war we were a debtor nation. As such we gave small consideration to what our exports might suffer from a high tariff. Since the war we have become a creditor nation—and the leading creditor nation. If, under our former condition, there was some demand for as large a freedom as possible, that demand is now immensely intensified, for we want our debtors to pay their debts to us.

If we do not buy, we cannot sell. Let us protect our products wherever possible; as foreigners, however, cannot pay gold for our goods but can pay only other goods, we must permit the entrance of those goods up to the very point at which they would destroy our own varied production. Our people want a protective tariff, but not a super-tariff.

## FAITH IN WEALTH

IN our day we should call him a cowboy, but in the book which preserves his rather radical and inflammatory speeches he is called a herdman. His name was Amos. If any preacher talked nowadays the way Amos did, he would be very unpopular in certain influential quarters.

"Hear this word, ye kine of Bashan, that are in the mountain of Samaria, which oppress the poor, which crush the needy, which say to their masters, Bring and let us drink. The Lord God hath sworn by his holiness, that, lo, the days shall come upon you, that he will take you away with hooks, and your posterity with fishhooks." That is very strong language to address to influential and wealthy people; but Amos was not afraid to utter his woe upon those "that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David; that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments: but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph."

From the time of Amos, over twenty-five hundred years ago, until to-day very strong language has been used concerning the indifference of those who trust in the power of their wealth to the privations of the poor and to the need for social reconstruction. The men who have used this strong language have often been misunderstood. In almost every case they have been called revolutionaries, as if the doctor who diagnosed a disease were the cause of it. Again and again men who are now honored as prophets were persecuted because they warned the powerful that if they did not mend their ways they would bring evil upon themselves. We have before our very eyes a sample of this thing. Repeatedly the Czar in Russia and his gang were told of what would happen to them and to the whole nation if they persisted in their ways. The Czar was very religious, and he and his family were scrupulous in observing the requirements of the Orthodox Church; but they did not listen to the prophets. And now that which was predicted has come to pass, but worse than any one had imagined. Those who sought to rouse the conscience of the powerful in the old régime were not Bolshevists. They were doing the only thing which, if it had succeeded, could have prevented Bolshevism; and they came very near doing it.

It is this sublime faith in the power of wealth, which is not the faith of a great number of conscientious and serviceable men of wealth to-day, that Jesus had in mind when he said that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

It is because of this faith in the power of wealth that men try to use wealth for the purpose of preventing change. Their faith is exactly the same as that of the Socialists. They hold to the economic theory of history. They differ from the Socialists in applying their philosophy to a different end. Most of them are entirely unconscious of any attempt to use their power unfairly; they simply conceive of wealth as power which can be used to stop people from thinking for themselves, or from making the changes in the social order that the people wish but the owners of wealth dislike. Their point of view seems very reasonable. We reported the other day, for example, a gift to the Baptist Home Mission Board to which was attached a creed which had to be accepted as a condition by the recipients. This gift has been defended by the chief organ of the denomination on the ground that it is only imposed upon those workers who are supported by the income from the gift. That seems very reasonable. The rich man seems to have a right to say: "If you want my money, you must believe, or say you believe, what I tell you to believe." The same argument was used a while ago by a group of men in Pittsburgh. These men, constituting an employers' association of that city, did not like the social programme of the Young Women's Christian Association. When the local Young Women's Christian Association attempted to raise some money, this association told the women that it would make no contribution unless the local Christian Association repudiated the action of their National body. In like manner, this same employers' association denounced the Federal Council of Churches as under the control of radical and Bolshevik elements in the churches, and it said that many members of the employers' association "are expressing themselves as determined to discontinue financial support of their respective churches unless they withdraw all moral and financial support from the Federal Council."

It is this attitude of mind which is satirized in the story in this issue entitled "The Daniel Jazz and the Rabbi." It makes itself felt in many churches. We have testimony to that effect in letters which have come to us in the course of our Third Prize Contest from members of ministers' families. The sense of the subordination of the minister's mind and the minister's household to those who through their wealth or social position have the power, which they use, consciously or unconsciously, to impose their will has found expression time and time again in such letters as these, in articles, in short stories, and in novels.

On another page we print three letters elicited by the question raised in The Outlook four weeks ago, "Is the Church Losing the People?" Each of those letters gives a different reason for the failure of the Church to accomplish what it ought to be accomplishing. One writer says that it is the inability of many ministers to give their congregations food for thought. Another says that it is the failure of theological seminaries to adapt their training of men to the facts of the modern world. And the third says that it is the fact that church leaders as a rule put denominational interest above religion. It is still another cause that is described in the satirical story in the form of a letter

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from "Molly Amos" (whose last name may have been chosen as a reminder of the prophet who warned the kine of Bashan).

To say that this faith in the power of wealth, this attitude of mind satirized in the story of the rabbi's wife, is negligible to-day would be an error; but it would be as great an error to say that it controls either the synagogues or the churches. It is to be encountered everywhere; but since the days of Amos and Isaiah and the great unknown prophet of the Captivity, since the day when the Man of Nazareth drove the traders from the temple, since the day of the Apostle James, whose advice, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you," was probably not heeded and very certainly not welcomed, this faith in the power of money to direct the minds of men and to preserve them from evil has distinctly diminished. It is true that we still find it in the churches, but no more than in the universities, and not by any means dominant there. There is much evidence that the American people desire in their preachers both courage of conviction and freedom of speech. Sometimes the preacher may ascribe to the narrow-mindedness or the materialism of his congregation an antagonism which is really rooted in his own rawness or discourtesy. Many preachers can testify that they have spoken with the utmost liberty their opinions on disputed questions and have found that their opinions have been respected, provided that they have treated the contrary opinions with respect. In America men like Charles G. Finney, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, Dwight L. Moody, and Phillips Brooks, to mention only men who are no longer living, have expressed theological opinions and ideals of life and social conceptions which have been most contentious; but it is safe to say that they could not have expressed these opinions with the freedom they did had it not been for the Church behind them. The opposition they encountered was as much outside as within the Church, and the liberty they exercised was as great as that of any leader in any other calling. There is no evidence that any institution—political, commercial, or educational—surpasses the Church and the organizations which it has created either in unselfish devotion to the public welfare or in the liberty in which that service is rendered. There is no freer platform in America than the pulpit. There are pulpits that are not free, and there are ministers not capable of exercising freedom; but they are exceptions. There are few pulpits which the right man could not render free; and there are few ministers who cannot be trusted to exercise their freedom with more discretion than is expected of an Assemblyman or Congressman. The surest passport to the respect of any congregation is the minister's respect for himself and his message.

## RED RUSSIA REAPS WHAT SHE HAS SOWN

HERBERT HOOVER in one sentence of a statement of the restrictions under which America will help starving Russia declares unemotionally but convincingly the cause of the famine. He says: "The present conditions in Russia are the result of progressive impoverishment of the Russian people under Soviet control."

Bolshevism is an absolutism of the industrial proletariat backed by the bayonets of paid soldiers who have no other means of support. The Bolshevik Government at its beginning ignored and oppressed the peasants upon whose labor the food of Russia depended. Lately it has shown some evidence of coming to its senses. But its concessions to agriculture were too late. Famine and disease are sweeping over vast areas of Russia on the Volga and even in Siberia. America and Europe are called upon for relief.

The actual state of things existing in Russia to-day may be indicated by a condensed paraphrase of a few of the facts as reported in special correspondence and cable despatches in the New York "Times" on the day The Outlook goes to press: From Riga a correspondent cables that from twenty to forty million people seem doomed to death in Russia; sufferers from famine and disease are streaming in little groups toward towns; in one province, Samara, sixty thousand deserted children have to be cared for; transportation has broken down. From Berlin a cabled letter says that the Russian masses are near the point of revolt; the Soviets, it is said, hope to hold on to power, not by feeding the people, but by feeding the Red army and the workers in a few big factories, and to put down counter-revolution with machine guns; the Mensheviki (moderate Socialists) in Petrograd issue circulars which say: "We demand more bread. It is high time to return to common sense and overthrow the Soviet régime." From the Volga region come stories of the most horrible suffering from cholera infection; the peasants are mad with superstition and resist medical and sanitary aid; "at every station crowds of lean, sick, and dying humanity outstretch their hands to travelers and utter hideous appeals for food." One correspondent asserts that six million people are moving on Moscow—not an army, but a starving mob. News like this is coming every day; with all allowance for exaggeration and excitement, there is ample evidence of a condition horrible, almost unexampled, and of serious danger to Europe at large.

It must be a bitter humiliation for Lenine and Trotsky to be told roundly that the Soviets can be dealt with only under restrictions showing that America has no faith in Bolshevik honor or truth. Not only must American prisoners be released, but they must be outside Soviet territory before relief begins. Notice is given that no recognition of Soviet rule is implied. Precautions are to be taken to see that supplies do not fall into the hands of the Red army. The American Relief Association is to be assured of non-interference by the Russian Government. It is to have a free hand in organization and administration of relief. All these things have been demanded by Mr. Hoover as head of the Relief Association or by Secretary Hughes. Reluctantly and surlily the conditions have been accepted. The work of mercy and humanity will begin.

Trotsky is said to have denied a detailed cable report that in a speech before the Soviet's Central Committee he bitterly assailed Lenine's policy of compromise and conciliation with Western capitalism and openly urged a military mass advance of Russian legions into Poland as the first move in a programme of assault against western Europe. Whether the report or the denial is true we do not know. The mere fact that it was widely accepted as a natural consequence of the breakdown of the theories of Bolshevism is significant.

The Soviets never had a majority of the Russian people behind them. They have kept their power through three things: brute force, the fear of foreign invasion among many non-Bolshevik Russians, the belief of others that revolution was impossible but that moderate ideas could be gradually infused into the Soviets and their original and wild theories transformed into those of Socialism or democracy. The Lenine régime rests on bayonets; if the soldiers join the revolting populace, as now seems more than possible, the end is near at hand.

What the outcome will be no man may say. Economic folly, political theory madly at odds with history and human nature, cruelty and oppression, are not replaced in a day or a year by prosperity and sane government. But the world is ready and anxious to help Russia if once her steps are turned in the right direction. Already men like Milyukov are being consulted by Russians who hate alike imperialism and anarchy and stand for self-government of Russia by the Russian people.

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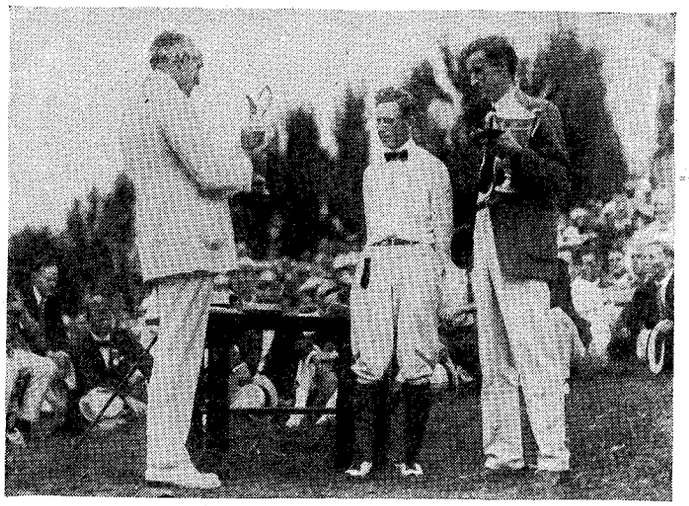
# THE RELAXATIONS OF A PRESIDENT



International

### THIS YEAR'S SUPERMAN IN GOLF FINDS PRESIDENT HARDING APPRECIATIVE

Like the two Presidents who immediately preceded him, President Harding finds in golf his chief physical recreation. It is said, however, that he is the first President to present the title cup to the winner of the National open golf championship—this year James Barnes, the professional of Pelham, New York. In the picture President Harding has just delivered this cup, and is holding in his hand, preparatory to delivering it to Jock Hutchison, likewise an American professional, the cup denoting the winning of the British championship

(c) Harris & Ewing

### THE PRESIDENT IN THE SADDLE

As unaccustomed to horseback-riding as he is accustomed to golf, President Harding joined a group on a ride the other day while on a camping trip near Hagerstown, Maryland. The others in the group are George B. Christian, Jr., who is the President's Secretary, H. S. Firestone, Edsall Ford, H. S. Firestone, Jr., and, last, the inventor of a most widely accepted substitute for the horse

### A VERY AMERICAN SETTING FOR A DISTINCTLY AMERICAN PRESIDENT

Few things have caused so wide a stir in England as the appearance of the American Ambassador on the golf links without his coat. One of those few things was the appearance of the American Ambassador in a top hat on the streets of London driving his own flivver. Both events were accepted by the British people as quite racily American. It may be presumed, therefore, that this picture of the American President seated in company with the inventor of the flivver would be regarded all over the world as unmistakably American. Henry Ford is at the left of this camping scene near Hagerstown, Maryland, and next to him in order are Thomas A. Edison, the President, and Harvey S. Firestone. The semi-tropical heat of July this year has done much to justify the American summer costume

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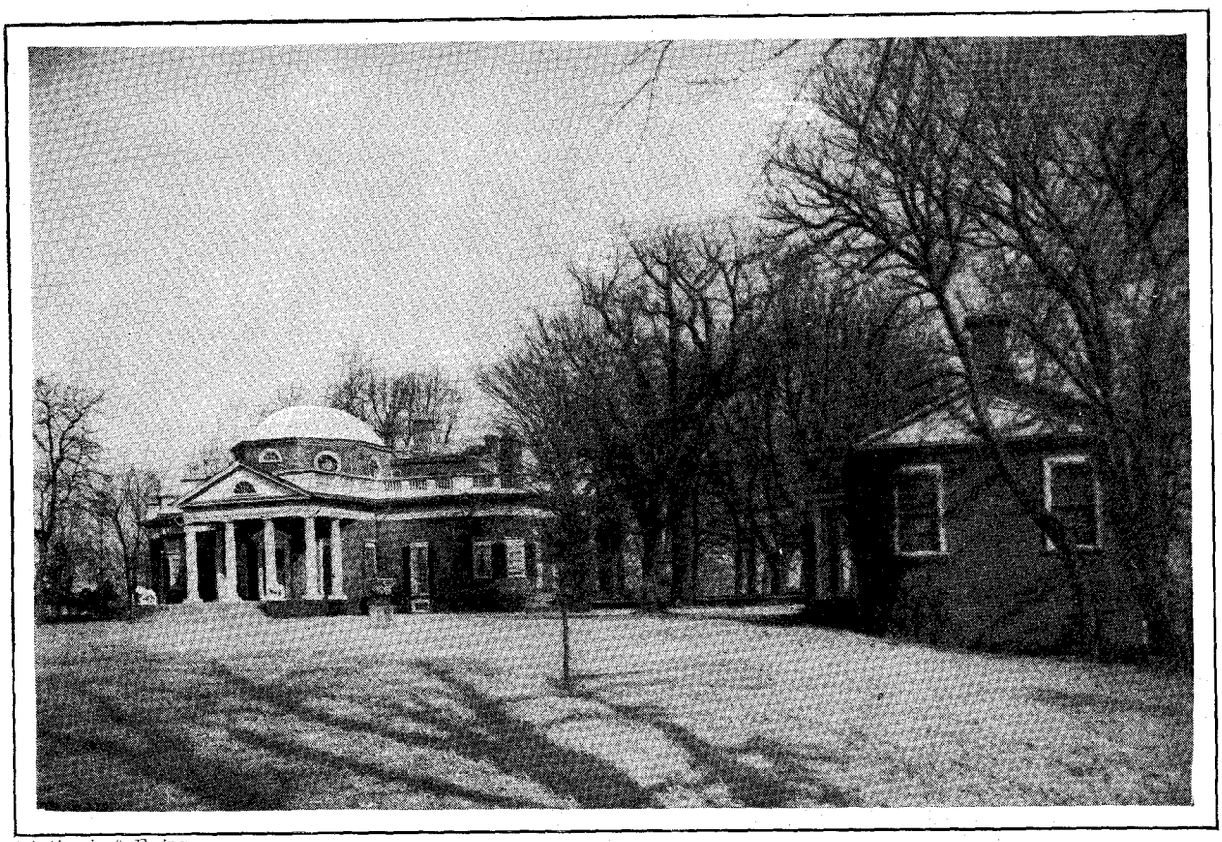
# MONTICELLO—THE AMERICAN CHEQUERS?



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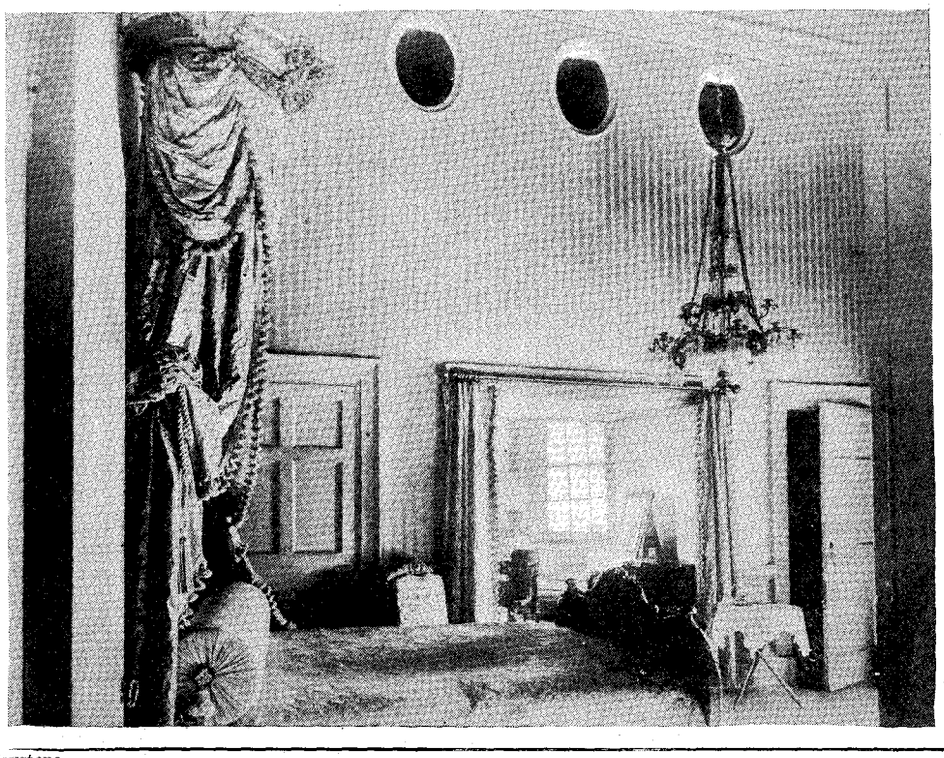
JEFFERSON'S HOME AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

This view shows the mansion from the rear. The house at the right was occupied by Jefferson's overseer, who had charge of the Negroes. Jefferson had the philosophy of a democrat, but the tastes of an aristocrat. Can we imagine an American President coatless in this environment?

Thomas Jefferson's chief pride was not that he was President but that he drafted the Declaration of Independence and the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and founded the University of Virginia. It was at Charlottesville, Virginia, the seat of the University, that he built, after his own design, the mansion-house in which he ended his days. He called the place Monticello. It stands to-day as a monument to his taste.

For weeks despatches from England have described the conferences held by the British Prime Minister at Chequers. A few months ago this beautiful English country estate was presented by Lord Lee (better known to Americans as Theodore Roosevelt's friend, Sir Arthur Lee) to the British Government as the country home of British Premiers. It is now proposed that Monticello be similarly taken by the American Government as the country home of American Presidents. Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, who has been the owner of Monticello for many years, does not feel that he can afford to give this famous estate outright; but he offers it for sale for this purpose at a price amounting to less than half of the sum he has expended upon it, and would present at the same time the art objects, including pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Van Dyck. He wishes the estate not to become a museum, but always to remain a residence.



Keystone

JEFFERSON'S BEDROOM AT MONTICELLO

The ovals in the wall are windows through which Jefferson's Negro servants watched over him. Jefferson's democracy did not interfere with his personal comfort

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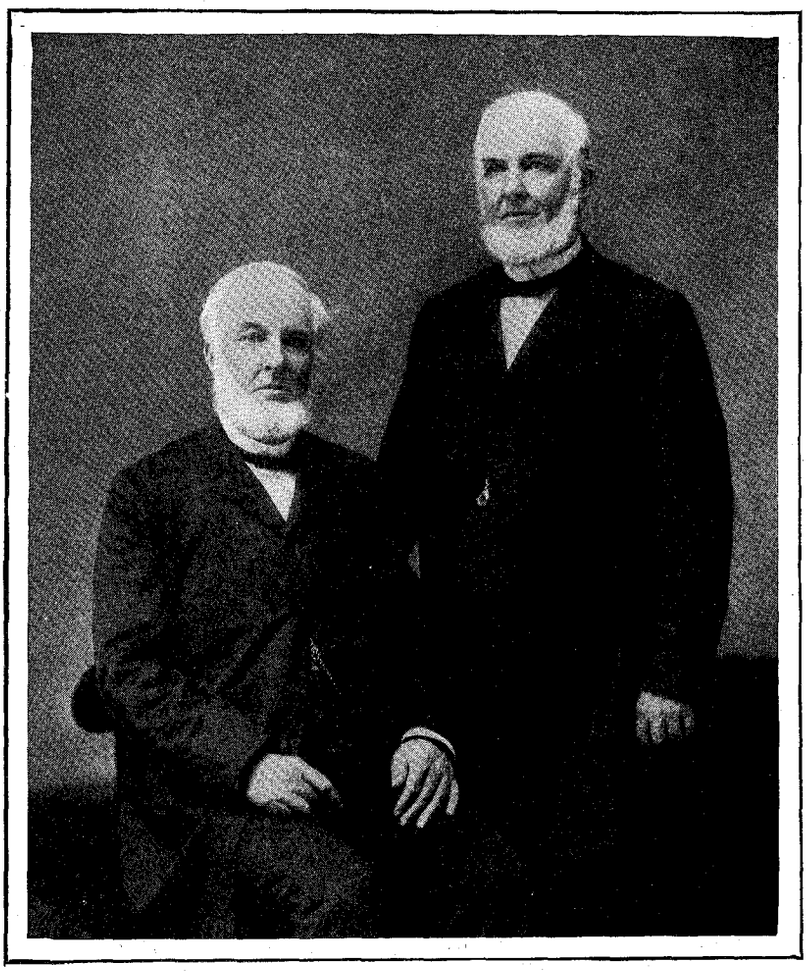
# SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

## BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## THE SMILEY BROTHERS—LOVERS OF HOSPITALITY



ALFRED AND ALBERT SMILEY

IN the State of New York, running approximately parallel to the Catskill range of mountains, is a long and narrow range with elevations varying from six hundred feet to twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the valleys on either side. This is known as the Shawangunk Mountains, locally pronounced Shongum. At a point in this range, about fifteen miles from the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, is a spot of peculiar romantic beauty. A cliff here rises about one hundred feet above the mountain edge, and at the foot of this cliff is a small lake, perhaps half a mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, which bears the Indian name of Mohonk —Lake of the Sky. At this point the mountain is composed of enormous rocks piled on each other in great confusion, as though some grotesque Thor had thrown them up in sheer joyous exhibition of his strength, leaving them to lie there as they had fallen. It is reported that adventurous boys in times past have made their way down through the crevices of these rocks from the summit to the valley below. A geological friend of mine said to a local resident, acting as his guide, "I wonder by what great upheaval did nature produce this wonderful rock pile." The guide rebuked his ignorance: "What!" said he; "have you never read how at the Crucifixion the earth did quake and the rocks were rent?" He regarded the earthquake at the Crucifixion as a world-wide phenomenon, as some scholars in past times regarded the Deluge as a world-enveloping flood.

In 1869 there stood on the shore of this lake and under the shadow of this cliff a cabaret with a barroom, a dance-hall, and ten bedrooms with bunks for beds and straw mattresses and one quilt each for bedding. When a visitor demanded dinner, the Irish boy would catch a chicken, kill it in front of the house, and pass it over to the woman to cook.. There were some fish in the lake and some small game in the woods. How far the fish and game, how far the barroom and its contents, were the attraction for the picnic parties that patronized the place the reader must be left to judge.

One day in 1869 Mr. Alfred Smiley, who was then living near Poughkeepsie, took a day for an excursion to the top of the mountain to see the lake, which had already acquired a considerable local reputation. The natural beauty of the scene captivated him; he persuaded his twin brother, Alfred, then conducting a very successful school at Providence, Rhode Island, to come to Poughkeepsie and share with him the joy of his discovery. As a result of that visit Mr. Albert Smiley put all the money he had, with a considerable sum that he borrowed, into a purchase of the place, with approximately three hundred acres of wild mountain and forest land. The original proprietor, doubtless, considered himself lucky to find a purchaser fool enough to take this unpromising place off his hands. He is quoted as saying: "I suppose that the Creator made everything for some use; but what in the world he ever made this pizen laurel for I can't see. It never grows big enough for firewood and the cattle won't eat it."

From the beginning the brothers Smiley believed that there were people in America who wanted to get away from the excitements of society as well as from the entanglements of business. From the first, therefore, the new hotel was administered on Quaker principles and pervaded by a Quaker spirit. When I visited it in 1872, Mr. Albert Smiley was still carrying on the school at Providence; the hotel was in charge of his brother Alfred. The barroom and the dance-hall had been abolished; beds had taken the place of bunks, a reading-room had been substituted for the barroom, and entertainments provided by the guests themselves had been substituted for the dance-hall. The house had been enlarged to accommodate about forty guests; the atmosphere of the house was that of a home, not that of a cabaret; there was a service of worship in the parlor on Sundays and morning prayers for such as cared to attend them during the week. It was understood that cards, dancing, and drinking were prohibited; but there were not then, and there never have been, printed rules or regulations; the prohibition is enforced by common consent, and it is very rarely the case that even to-day, in a hotel with accommodations for upwards of four hundred, any other enforcement is required.

The beauty of the place and the home atmosphere of the hotel so impressed me that the following year I returned with an artist to obtain sketches for an illustrated article which was published in the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," of which I was then editor.

When I next visited Lake Mohonk, in 1884, Mr. Albert Smiley had left his school and had come to make Lake Mohonk his home. The boarding-house had become a hotel capable of accommodating some three hundred guests; the estate had been increased by succes-



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sive purchases to one of over a thousand acres; miles of roads had been built within the estate and innumerable footpaths had been opened through the woods and among the rocks. Mr. Albert Smiley, having left Providence, had changed the profession of teacher for the profession of hotel-keeper. Mr. Alfred Smiley had purchased a similar estate seven miles distant upon the same range and erected a hotel upon the shore of a lake which gave its name of Minnewaska to the twin enterprise.

Who that has ever read "Nicholas Nickleby" did not regard the Cheeryble Brothers as a pretty fancy of an often extravagantly fanciful novelist: "What was the amazement of Nicholas when his conductor advanced and exchanged his warm greeting with another old gentleman, the very type and model of himself—the same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters—nay, there was the very same white hat hanging against the wall!" But it is an old saying that fact is stranger than fiction; which is only another way of saying, cynics to the contrary notwithstanding, that life furnishes illustrations of ideas which surpass those of the novelist. The portrait of the Smiley brothers is best given in the words of Mr. Albert Smiley:

> When my brother Alfred and I were born we were so much alike that our mother tied ribbons on either our arms or legs, I do not remember which, to distinguish us. None of our neighbors or teachers knew us apart; we always worked together, walked together, slept together, had measles, mumps, and whooping-cough together; never had a single article of clothing or money or anything else separate for twenty-seven years. In the morning we jumped into the first suit of clothes that came in our way, no matter who wore it the day before. All our studies and reading were from one set of books, reading and studying simultaneously. Until we were twenty-seven years old, when my brother married, we had never had anything to be called mine, but always ours. At my brother's marriage we had to divide clothing and some other things, but till his death, four years since, we had many of our interests in common.

In 1884 this identity of appearance still continued. Strangers could not easily tell the brothers apart when they were together, and when they were not together never could tell which was Albert and which was Alfred. Even the brothers could not always tell. They once made an appointment to meet in a hotel in New York. Albert arrived first; walking down a corridor, he saw his brother approaching; reached out his hand to grasp the outstretched hand of his brother, with the greeting, "Are you here already?" and found that he was addressing his own image in a mirror.

They were as much alike in spirit and temperament as in appearance. The same simplicity which characterized the boarding-house with forty guests characterized the twin hotels. The same sanepiety characterized both men, the same liberty under law characterized both hotels. If I write here only of Mr. Albert Smiley, it is because he is the only one I at all intimately knew.

Some men are distinguished from their fellows by the possession of one characteristic in an abnormal degree. I was told a few years ago of a little girl, not yet in her teens, who came into the laboratory of her scientific grandfather with an insect for his inspection. "He is a very naughty fly," she said, "he keeps biting me." When she opened her closed fist, she disclosed a wasp. She was a born scientist. Investigation was to her a passion. But some men are made great by the possession of seemingly contradictory qualities harmoniously working in a well-balanced character. Such was the greatness of Mr. Albert Smiley. He was a man of vision. At the first sight of Lake Mohonk he perceived the possibilities of a great estate; but he was also a man of practical judgment and did not retire from his successful school until he had laid up enough money to take with safety the hazard of abandoning a profession with which he was familiar for one of which he knew nothing. He was cautious, always looked before he leaped; but when he had looked he did not hesitate to leap. When he once clearly saw the ideal of a summer rest for persons likeminded with himself, free alike from the entanglements of business and the excitements of pleasure, and weighed the difficulties to be encountered and concluded that they could be overcome, he devoted himself to the realization of that ideal with a steadfastness of purpose which nothing could discourage. Whatever interfered with that purpose he set himself to put out of the way. When a railway proposed to build a branch to the foot of the mountain, he discouraged the proposal; it might bring him customers, but it would hazard the repose which he wished to provide. When an inn just beyond the bounds of his estate threatened that repose, he bought the inn. He was a lover of liberty; therefore he put up few signs which indicated restraints on liberty. The only such signs to be seen are some scattered through the woods to protect the trees and flowers and one at every entrance of his grounds forbidding the use of automobiles.

But when enforcement of the common law of his estate was required he did not lack the courage to enforce it. A wealthy guest came with a large party prepared to spend a considerable time and a great deal of money; assuming that because of his patronage the hotel would not enforce against him the rule prohibiting the use of liquor, he brought down his bottle with him to the dinner table. Mr. Smiley said nothing until the dinner was over, and then notified his would-be guest that the rooms assigned to him were no longer to be at his service; that he was, in short, an "undesirable citizen." Another man of the same type, disregarding a sign at the gateway that automobiles were not allowed, drove up in his touring car to the door. Mr. Smiley ordered the automobile to be driven by a special road to the nearest entrance. After dinner, he provided a carriage to carry the unwelcomed guest and his family to the same entrance and refused to take any pay for the dinner which the guests had received. Such incidents get promptly into wide circulation and serve quite adequately as law enforcements.

When depredations were committed by barbarians possessing the appearance but not the reality of civilization, he neither submitted to the destruction of his property, nor issued new prohibitions to protect it, nor called on the officers of the law for protection. He appealed, and not unsuccessfully, to the conscience of the community and to the depredators themselves. He provided a Picnic Lodge with grounds surrounding it for the free use of picnic parties, and then sent a courteous letter to the newspaper press in which he narrated some of the abuses which had been perpetrated and prescribed certain rules which all picnic parties should observe. The letter was very widely published and editorially commended. "I must ask," he said, "my friends and neighbors and all who bring or send parties here to see that no damage is done to property of any kind," and he added: "Unless the few can be prevented from damaging property it will become positively necessary to exclude all picnic parties from the estate." This appeal to the public and the picnickers themselves was sufficient; at least in my riding and walking about the grounds to-day (June, 1921) I see no signs of depredations against which in 1906 Mr. Smiley very justly protested.

Under the administration of Mr. Albert Smiley and his younger brother Daniel who with his wife had been active partners with Mr. Albert Smiley since 1890, and are with their sons carrying on the enterprise in the same spirit since the death of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smiley, the Lake Mohonk House has been more than a home of rest for the overworked and the brain-weary; it has been a nesting-place for reform movements. But the readers of The Outlook have been made acquainted from year to year with the two Conferences held annually at the Lake Mohonk House—one concerning "The Indian Race and Other Dependent Peoples," the other concerning "International Arbitration"—and there is therefore no occasion to attempt here the impossible task of condensing into a paragraph a record of the work of those Conferences and the influence they have exerted on both National and international affairs. All I have attempted to do in this article is to introduce to my readers two "lovers of hospitality" who have created a new type of hotel in America and by their success have proved that by so doing they have discovered and provided for a long-felt want.

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# RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD JAPAN

## AN INTERVIEW WITH VISCOUNT SHIBUSAWA

### BY JULIAN STREET

AS the events connected with the translation of Japan from mediævalism to modernity recede into history it naturally happens that the number of those who can distinctly remember the Japan that was becomes smaller and smaller. Men able to recall the restoration are to-day about as rare as those who, in this country, recall the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, which occurred in the same year; and men who played important parts in the restoration are of course rarer still; while as for those old enough to remember Commodore Perry's visit, there is but a handful of them left.

It so happens, however, that in Japan several very remarkable men have survived to a great age. The three most powerful figures in politics are the octogenarian noblemen known as the *genro*, or Elder Statesmen: Field Marshal Prince Yamagata, Marquis Matsukata, and Marquis Okuma. Prince Yamagata as a soldier took an active part in the civil warfare attending the restoration. Both he and Marquis Okuma were born in 1838, seven years before Texas was admitted to our Union as the twenty-eighth State, and Marquis Matsukata was born in 1840.

Of these venerable statesmen Prince Yamagata and Marquis Matsukata figure as great unseen influences; but Marquis Okuma, while perhaps not actually more active than his colleagues of the *genro*, appears frequently in public and has been more of a popular idol. In politics he has long been known as a great fighter and an artful tactician; also he is sympathetically regarded because, many years ago, he was the victim of a bomb outrage in which he lost a leg.

In view of the comparisons often made between Imperial Japan and the Imperial Germany that used to be, it is worth remarking that the three Elder Statesmen are without exception self-made men. None of them was born with a title; all were members of modest samurai families; all rose through ability.

HAD not the honorary title "Grand Old Man of Japan" already been conferred on Marquis Okuma, and had I been invited to make a nomination, I should have gone outside the realm of politics and nominated Viscount Eiichi Shibusawa, another of the nation's venerable gentlemen.

Viscount Shibusawa has had probably as extraordinary a career as any man alive. In saying this I am taking into account the fact that he distinctly remembers the Japan that existed prior to the arrival of Commodore Perry in 1853–4, that he was Minister of the Treasury to the last Shogun, that he later started the first modern bank in Japan, that he became a great financier and a great philanthropist. In other words, he has seen a transition practically as great as that pictured by Mark Twain in his fantastic story "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

The Japan of Viscount Shibusawa's youth and early manhood was divided into some three hundred feudal districts, each ruled by a *daimyo*, or chieftain, having his castles, his court, his concubines, his retainers; among the latter, soldiers in armor, wearing hideous masks calculated to terrify the foe and equipped only with swords, spears, and bows and arrows.

These chiefs had absolute power over the people and lands in their domains. They could make laws, issue paper money, lay taxes, impose labor and punishment on the people, or arbitrarily take from them property or life itself.

It was a land without railways, without steam power, without window glass; a land in which nobles journeyed by the highroads in magnificent processions, surrounded by their soldiers, mounted and afoot, their lacquered palanquins, their coolie bearers; a land in which, when great lords passed, humble citizens fell to their knees and touched their foreheads to the ground; a land of duels, feuds, vendettas, clan wars; a land in which the samurai, or gentry, alone were allowed the privilege of wearing swords, in which a plebeian could be struck down by a samurai for the most trifling reason, and in which one of the privileges most highly prized by samurai was the right of one holding that rank to die by his own hand if condemned to death, instead of by the hand of the public executioner. Involved with this privilege of *hara-kiri*—or, as the Japanese prefer to call it, *seppuku*—was a property right. The property of a man beheaded by the executioner was confiscated, whereas one committing *seppuku* could leave his estate to his family.

Think of a man having started life as a country boy under conditions such as these and now, at eighty-three, being known widely as a financier, a director in companies, and a great organizer and supporter of such modern charities as poorhouses, orphanages, homes for mental defectives, free tuberculosis sanitariums, reform schools, and the like!

The Viscount was so good as to spend the better part of two days in telling me the story of his experiences in connection with the restoration. We talked in a pretty brick bungalow in his garden in Tokyo, our entire conversation being conducted through an interpreter, and being pleasantly punctuated by the appearances of serving-maids bearing cups of pale-green tea.

He was dressed in the silken robes which Japanese gentlemen wear at home for comfort. Short, stocky, energetic, with a strong neck and a large round head, the face seamed with deep wrinkles, he was one of the most extraordinary looking men I have ever met. He radiated force, honesty, kindliness. Long ago I knew a Sioux chief who had a face like his, even to the color and to the deep wrinkles of humor about the mouth and eyes. Nor in either case did the humorous promise of those wrinkles fail.

When, having likened the Viscount to an Indian chief, I liken him also to a barrel-bodied British squire of the John Bull type I may put some strain upon the reader's credulity; yet there was in him as much of the one as of the other.

"I WAS a boy of fourteen," he said, "when your Commodore Perry came to Japan. At that time, and for a considerable period afterwards I was 'anti-foreigner'—that is, I was opposed to the abandonment of our old Japanese isolation and to the opening of relations with foreign Powers.

"The majority of thoughtful men felt as I did. Our trouble with the Jesuits, in the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century, came about through a fear which grew up among us that they were trying to get political control of Japan. This fear resulted in their expulsion from the country, as well as some persecution of themselves and their converts, and it was then that our policy of isolation began. More lately we had seen the Opium War in China, and that had added to our conviction that in attempting to open relations with Far Eastern countries foreign Powers were merely seeking territory, and that they were utterly unscrupulous.

"When I reached the age of twenty-five, I became a retainer of Yoshinobu Tokugawa, a powerful prince and kinsman of Iyemochi Tokugawa, who was then Shogun. Not being of noble family, I did not belong to Prince Yoshinobu's intimate circle, but was a member of what might be termed the middle group at his court.

"He was then acting as intermediary between the Shogun and the Imperial Court at Kyoto—for, though the Shogun then ruled the land, as shoguns had for centuries, there was maintained a fiction that he did so by Imperial consent.

"When Iyemochi died, the powerful *daimyos* nominated my lord, Prince Yoshinobu, to succeed him. I was opposed to his accepting the office, for the country was then in a very unsettled condition, and I felt sure that the next Shogun, whoever he might be, would have serious difficulties to encounter; especially with the important question of foreign relations to the fore, and with such powerful lords as those of Satsuma, Choshu, Tosa, and Hizan becom-



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ing increasingly hostile to the Shogunate and increasingly favorable to the Imperial house.

"The fact that Prince Yoshinobu had acted as intermediary between his kinsman, the fourteenth Shogun, and the Imperial Court at Kyoto, made it a delicate matter for him later to accept the Shogunate. Moreover, though he belonged to the Tokugawa family, his branch of the family, the Mito branch, had always insisted upon Imperial supremacy in Japan. However, circumstances compelled him to accept the office. I was greatly disappointed when he did so.

"This occurred two years after I became his retainer. I was now vice-minister of his treasury, with the additional duties of keeping track of all modern innovations and supervising the new-style military drill, with rifles, which we were then taking up.

"Shortly after becoming Shogun, Yoshinobu decided to send his younger brother, Akitaké, to France to be educated, and he appointed me a member of the *entourage* that was to accompany the young man. I was then twenty-seven years old.

"We sailed in January, 1867—a party of twenty-five, among whom were a doctor, an officer who went to study artillery, and various other officers of the Shogun's government, besides Akitaké's seven personal attendants.

"For international purposes the Shogun was now called Tycoon, for the word 'shogun' means 'generalissimo' and carries with it no connotation of rulership; whereas 'tycoon' means 'great prince'—and of course it seemed proper enough for a great prince to treat with foreign Powers. As brother of the Tycoon, Akitaké received in Europe the title 'Highness.'

"Matters looked very ominous for the Shogunate at the time we left Japan, but I felt that the best thing for me to do was to go abroad and learn all I could, with a view to being better able to serve my country when I should return.

"The members of our party wore the Japanese costume, including topknots and two swords. I, however, devised a special elegance for myself. I had heard that the Governor of Saigon, where our ship was to stop, intended to welcome us officially, so I had a dress coat made." The Viscount shook with laughter as he recalled the episode. "It wasn't a dress suit—just the coat. And when we got to Saigon I wore that coat over my Japanese silks, in the daytime!

"Our lack of experience with European ways caused many amusing things to happen. For instance, when we were in the train crossing the Isthmus of Suez—there was no Canal then—one member of the party, unaccustomed to window-glass, threw an orange-peel, expecting it to go out of the window. The peel hit the glass and bounced back, falling into the lap of an official who had come to escort us across the isthmus. We were much embarrassed by that.

"Later, in Paris, another absurd thing occurred. You must understand that in Japan it is customary for guests leaving a house where they have been entertained to wrap up cakes and such things and take them home. One member of our party, who had never seen ice-cream before, attempted this, wrapping the ice-cream in paper and putting it in the front of his kimono. Needless to say, the ice-cream was no longer ice-cream when he got back to the hotel, and he himself was not very comfortable.

"The Paris Exposition of 1867 was going on when we arrived. When it was over, we traveled through Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and England. Originally it was planned that after our official tour we should settle down to study, and I was eager for this time to come. However, it was not long before we received news that the Shogunate had fallen.

"The news was puzzling. I could not gather what was happening in Japan. First I heard that Yoshinobu, as Shogun, had publicly returned full authority to the Emperor, but later came word of the battle of Toba-Fushimi, in which it was said that troops of the Imperial party had defeated troops of the Shogun. This made it appear that Yoshinobu had played false, first publicly relinquishing the Shogun's power, then changing his mind and fighting to maintain it. These seemingly conflicting acts puzzled me, for I knew that Yoshinobu was a man of the highest honor.

VISCOUNT SHIBUSAWA

"The picture . . . turned out better than I myself had anticipated, for besides the swords and silken robes of old Japan, there may be seen in it a very modern note"

"I had intended to study in France for five years, but there came a messenger from Japan saying that Akitaké had become head of the Mito branch of the Tokugawa family, which made it necessary for us to abandon our plans and return. We sailed from England in December, 1867, reaching Japan in November, 1868, eleven months later.

"I was dumfounded by the change I found. Though I knew that the Shogun Government had fallen, I had not visualized what that would mean. My lord, Yoshinobu, was held prisoner in a house in Suruga. Learning that he was allowed to see his intimate friends and retainers, I journeyed to Suruga, where I had audience with him several times. I found him reticent, and was able to get from him no explanation of the mysterious course he had pursued.

"After having been held prisoner for a year, he was released, but he continued for thirty years to reside in the neighborhood of Suruga, leading a secluded life. Not until thirty-one years after his resignation of the Shogunate did he come to Tokyo. Four years after that the Emperor created him a prince of the new régime. This showed pretty clearly that the Emperor did not mistrust him.

"For twenty years after my return to Japan I was unable to get at the bottom of this matter. Meanwhile the question was constantly discussed. Those hostile to Yoshinobu insisted that he had not acted with sincerity. It was contended that the burdens connected with the opening of foreign relations had led him to lay down the Shogunate, but that later he changed his mind and fought to retain it. On the face of it, that seemed true. Yoshinobu was called a coward and a traitor, and was severely criticised for having retired, personally, from the battle of Toba-Fushimi.

"On the other hand, those who supported Yoshinobu asserted that he had acted logically and wisely; that he had seen that his Government was going to fall, and had been entirely honest in surrendering the Shogunate prior to the battle. They said he had not desired battle, but had set out for Kyoto to see the Emperor with a view to arranging details, especially with regard to the future welfare of his retainers. But when a great lord traveled in those times he traveled with an army; when the men of Choshu and Satsuma learned that Yoshinobu was moving toward Kyoto with his soldiers, they came out and attacked him, believing, or pretending to believe, that he came on a hostile errand.

"At this time the Emperor was but seventeen years of age and the Government was in the hands of Elder Statesmen of the Imperial Party. The Em-

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peror himself probably had no idea on what errand Yoshinobu was approaching Kyoto; but the Elder Statesmen, belonging as they did to clans hostile to the Shogunate, sent out troops.

"Many years passed before the truth of the matter began to become clear. At last, when the old wounds were pretty well healed, I undertook the compilation of a history of Yoshinobu's life and times. Finally, I asked him point-blank about the events connected with his resignation and the subsequent battle. He told me that he had indeed started to Kyoto on a peaceful errand, but that when the forces sent out by the great clansmen of the Imperial Party were met, he could not control his own men. He had neither sought nor desired any such conflict. Therefore, feeling that his highest duty was to the Emperor, he himself withdrew from the battle, taking no part in it, and returned whence he had come, going into retirement. He knew of course that the battle would put him in a false light, and he decided that the wisest and most honorable course for him to pursue was to show by his life in retirement his absolute submission to the Emperor.

"In order fully to appreciate why Yoshinobu was so ready to lay down his power the old Japanese doctrine of loyalty to the throne must be fully grasped. This loyalty amounts to a religion, and permeates the whole life of Japan. That is why the Shōguns, who for so many centuries ruled Japan, never attempted to usurp Imperial rank, but were satisfied, while usurping the power, to preserve the form of governing always as vice-regents.

"It is my personal belief that when Yoshinobu Tokugawa accepted the Shogunate despite the opposition of his trusted retainers, he did so with the full intention of restoring to the Imperial house its rightful power. I used to ask him about this, and, while he never admitted it, he never denied it. That was characteristic of him. He was the most modest and self-effacing of men—the last man who would have claimed for himself the credit for performing a self-sacrificing and heroic act of patriotism. For him the performance of the act was sufficient."

Throughout my talk with Viscount Shibusawa I felt in him the passionate loyalty of the retainer to his lord. Where I had wished for reminiscences of a more personal nature, the Viscount, I could see, thought of himself first of all in his relation to the family of Prince Yoshinobu, the last Shogun, whose retainer he was. He was not interested in telling me of his own career, but he was profoundly interested in seeing that I, being a writer, should understand the relationship of Prince Yoshinobu to the Imperial restoration. His attitude made me think of that of an old gentleman, now dead and gone, who had been the adjutant of Robert E. Lee, and who loved Lee and loved to talk about him. When I interviewed him, it was the same. I could induce him to talk but little of his own experiences. It was all Lee.

The loyalty of the retainer to the family of his lord is also to be seen in the relationship between the Viscount and young Prince Keikyu Tokugawa, son of Prince Yoshinobu. After the death of the father the Viscount continued to act as adviser to the son. He became his chief councilor, and when, a few years since, he resigned from the Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Japan—the bank which he founded five years after the restoration—it was young Prince Tokugawa who succeeded to the empty chair.

The Prince, who is a member of the House of Peers, is known in the United States, having last come here during the war as representative of the Japanese Red Cross.

Viscount Shibusawa is also a figure not unfamiliar to Americans, having visited this country several times. I am indebted to him for an anecdote illustrative of the prodigious memory of President Roosevelt.

"Eighteen years ago," he said, "when Mr. Roosevelt was President, I called upon him at the White House. We had a pleasant talk. He complimented the behavior of the Japanese troops in the Boxer trouble, saying that they were not only brave but orderly and well disciplined. Then he spoke with admiration of the art of Japan.

"I said to him: 'Mr. President, I am only a banker, and I regret to say that in my country banking is not yet so highly developed as is art.'

"'Perhaps it will be,' he replied, 'by the time we meet again.'

"Thirteen years later, when I called upon him at his home at Oyster Bay, he took up the conversation where we had left off.

"'The last time I saw you,' he said, 'I did not ask you about banking in Japan. Now I want you to tell me all about it.'"

As I was leaving the bungalow in the garden late in the afternoon of the second day spent in interviewing the Viscount, the thought came to me that probably I should never again talk with a man who had lived through such transitions. I wanted a souvenir, and I wished it to be something emblematic of the changes witnessed by those shrewd, humorous old eyes.

Therefore, not without some hesitation, I asked if he would be so kind as to put on his two samurai swords and let me take his photograph.

He despatched a servant, who presently returned from the house bearing the swords. The Viscount tucked them through his sash, and I snapped the shutter, hoping fervently that the late afternoon light would prove to have been adequate.

As the reader may see for himself, the picture turned out well. Indeed, it turned out better than I myself had anticipated, for besides the swords and silken robes of Old Japan, there may be seen in it a very modern note.

It was the Viscount's grandson who called attention to that when I showed him the photograph.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "you have there the swords of Old Japan. But the watchchain—that is an anachronism."

# MAJESTY AND MIRAGES

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM LONDON

### BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

England, or, to be more correct, the United Kingdom, is not the least democratic country in the world. Some think, indeed, that it has far more freedom than the United States. But here democracy seems not to clash with royalty.

King George of course is altogether harmless to those who gladly call themselves his subjects. He earns his salary, too, by honest work—such work as few of those who rank as laboring folk would like to shoulder. And there are times when, in the good old way, he gives his people a great deal of pleasure by forming part of such right royal shows as I have seen here in the past few days.

There was a tendency some years ago to slight him as a royal figurehead. But, though less fond of self-assertion than his regretted father, Edward, and his still honored grandmother, he has won wide respect, and even love, by his good sense and simple modesty.

One day last week I saw him very closely as he rode from his palace to present new colors to three of the crack regiments of the Guards. He does not shine much when astride a horse; for he is more at home on deck at sea than in what seems to him the irksome saddle. Yet in his scarlet uniform he looked a King, despite his round back and his awkward air. Behind him rode the young Prince, bright as ever, and, side by side with him, the Duke of Connaught. The Guards, in their red bravery, dazzled one. They took one back

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to the dead pre-war times, when they were viewed as only rare toy soldiers.

A few days later the King went in state to the inauguration of some big new docks. He did not ride; he graced the Royal Barge—an institution that goes back for ages.

And just before that London had had the delight of watching the tall, manly Belgian King drive with amazing pomp and pageantry to the Guildhall. That was a show of sorts not to be missed, a grand revival of impressive splendor. The state coach drawn by six right royal steeds was all ablaze with gold and scarlet liveries of the most gorgeous kind. The outriders were stunning. They were ripping. The rich gold of the cocked hats worn by the red flunkeys who sat so silent and majestic behind the state carriages in the procession charmed the eye. But best of all, perhaps, were the red Guards who escorted Albert, with flashing breastplates, white plumes, and long sabers. Their coal-black mounts made an imposing sight. There was no snobbery in the attitude of the crowds which watched the pageant. I feel quite sure New Yorkers would have thrilled much more than they did if they had witnessed such a spectacle. Faint cheers, hats raised, and brief words of approval. And then the Belgian monarch swept on eastward.

To Londoners, to Englishmen at large, such shows are welcome. They are not looked upon as challenges to democrats. They are just shows, survivals of traditions. The man and woman in the street know well that they, and not the Kings and Queens, rule England. Lloyd George may cling to power. No doubt he does. But if the people say so—out he goes. Free speech is freer here than in New York. The people do not choose their Kings. But they do choose their Premiers. Besides, their Kings, you see, now do no harm. At moments, as was proved by the King's call for peace in Ireland and by his intervention still more lately to avert a misunderstanding with regard to the Disarmament Conference, they may do good.

Traditions. They die hard here, if they die. They work in various ways, too, some against the King, though not in ways which need distress him greatly. For instance, look at what has just been happening. The visit of the King and Queen to the strange Channel Islands, where, though they have formed part of the United Kingdom for ages, the French tongue and the customs of a thousand years are still kept up. It was in French that George V, who in the long Norman isles ranks as a Duke, replied to the welcome of his Guernsey and Jersey subjects. The cry which greeted him was "*Vive le Roi!*" The seigneurs of the isles all did him honor. But they preserved their ancient claims to independence as they cheered their nominal ruler. "Long live the King, our Duke!" was the formula with which they expressed their loyalty. The banner unfurled in the Assembly Chamber at St. Helier's, the capital of Jersey, bore the device of the old Duchy of Normandy—three lions upon a scarlet ground. It is said not to have been displayed since the Coronation of King George III. The Jerseyites, like the Guernseyites (but unlike our Jerseyites), love and pay homage to the ancient ways and glories. And, who knows, may it not be to the laxity of their millennial bonds that George owes that loyalty?

Wide World Photos

KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY WATCHING THE SHORES OF IRELAND RECEDE AS THEIR YACHT LEAVES BELFAST

"Besides, their kings, you see, now do no harm. At moments, as was proved by the King's call for peace in Ireland, . . . they may do good"

In days to come, perhaps—I say, perhaps—it is conceivable that the distressful Isle of Erin may welcome future Kings of England just as heartily, and just as honestly, as Guernsey and Jersey. But much depends on the momentous meeting which, as I write, is taking place in Downing Street between Lloyd George, who, with the Parliament, now really rules the United Kingdom, and De Valera, who is called the Irish President.

Will peace come of that meeting, as all pray? Or will peace fade away like one of the mirages which have within the present week been seen in England?

The other day, close to Trafalgar Square, I saw a crowd of people crouching near the ground. The eyes of all were turned toward the Mall, at the far end of which appeared the royal palace. The King and Queen were absent, in the Channel. The crowd could not be waiting to acclaim them. The autos and the busses dashed along, much to the peril of the crouching, kneeling hun-

**LONDON'S MIRAGE.**—An interested crowd of Londoners watching a remarkably clear manifestation of the mirage in The Mall yesterday. The phenomenon has been observed with frequency of late.

From the London "Daily Mirror"

"THE OTHER DAY, CLOSE TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE, I SAW A CROWD OF PEOPLE CROUCHING NEAR THE GROUND"

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dreds. Yet no one moved. The people still stared strangely in the direction of the palace. I asked a man what it all could mean.

"Mean, sir?" said he. "Why it means a mirage. If you'll just get down on your knees like them, you'll see a river rippling right across the Mall."

And they did see it, though my eyes were blind. Just now most are seeing peace in Ireland.

London, July 14, 1921.

# THE DANIEL JAZZ AND THE RABBI

## A PRIVATE LETTER TO THE POET VACHEL LINDSAY

*DEAR Mr. Vachel Lindsay:*

This is to thank you for having written that delightful whimsical song of yours, "The Daniel Jazz." Truly I do not know just where to pour my blessing—on Daniel or on the jazz. To be sure it is the prophet who should be blessed; but alas! what were the prophet to me without your jazz?

I am the wife of a rabbi—a rabbi ordained in heaven. That is really his cardinal failing—he is too good for the profession. With that he has a few minor faults—he is very modest, knows his shortcoming, and is always apologizing for it to our relatives. Whenever they chide him, he says: "I know, I know, I'm quite a misfit in the ministry—as out of place as the Lord himself would be there."

As for our congregation, they pay him a salary of ceaseless tribulation. Of course they are perfect *gentlemen*—only a little distrustful and suspicious. and I do believe they suspect my husband of taking his profession seriously, of really being religious. Besides, they surmise that he actually expects them to live up to his preachments—they sort of *suspect* that only. I dare not think what might happen should they be *convinced* of it.

I suppose you know that the Jewish people gave the world a Bible—that is, one meddlesome Jew long ago committed that atrocity, and I know that the world never forgave him for it, and I also know that in this generation have arisen a tribe of Hebrews who are trying most heroically to live down that wrong perpetrated by our forefather Moses. Yes, sir, any rabbi who is ready to disclaim the Scriptures to-day buys himself a lifelong job in some temples. But what cares my husband for a job? Now the gentlemen of our temple are not without their attributes—they are polite and, as they call themselves, broad and liberal. They allowed my husband three means by which to escape trouble: either to read only such portions of the Bible as they agreed with; or, if he read the others, to interpret them as they, busy, unlettered, pleasure-mad business men on the Temple Board, saw fit; or, best of all, to banish the Scriptures from the temple altogether. Now, even my nearest and dearest relatives say that for a congregation to offer a minister three ways to get out of trouble is unheard-of magnanimity.

But my husband, he refused every offer, and, defying all these powerful gentlemen who hold all the means of our life in their hands, not to speak of honor, fame, and position, he went over to the side of God, and in return God put him right back into the hands of his own enemies. In all the years as a minister's wife I have not once found the Lord saying as much as "I thank you" to an ally of his. But of course my husband says that God is no politician to sit in heaven dealing out favors for your vote; nevertheless I hold that he ought to show a little more appreciation for his saints, don't you?

A new era of distress was ushered in upon us when my reverend husband took it into his head one Sabbath morning to expound before the congregation the Ten Commandments. He opened such a fiery exposition on those ten dreadful forbiddances and led the congregation in his own subtle, poetic way through such an artful, mazy labyrinth of "Do's and Don'ts" which made those ten awful treasures become as fragile and breakable as life itself. Oh, our poor parishioners, how their souls were caught like poisoned rabbits in a trap; how they tossed about in frantic despair, for with every move and turn and wriggle they found themselves smashing, smashing the Commandments. And I looked on—looked on in pity, turned my eyes away—souls in travail are a sight only for the Almighty.

Do you wonder, then, Mr. Lindsay, that the congregation fled from the temple that day to the club-house, which is just next door and serves as a powerful antidote to the pulpit preachings?

Now, instead of doing penance and giving them the next Sabbath a mild, syrupy little sermon with a dash of dope in it to take off the edge of pain from their consciences, and thus put himself in their grace again, he opened with a chapter of Isaiah and spoke on love and peace. And right there in the synagogue they branded him as a Hun. Now, tell me, Mr. Lindsay, you are a man of the world, but is there really any kinship between the love and peace of the mild, honeyed Messianic days of which Isaiah day-dreamed and Hunism, whether made in Germany or elsewhere?

Then came forth the pillars, the vertebræ, of our community with a new project: "Fling all religion out of the pulpit, rabbi," they said, "and, for God's sake, talk on Americanism. It makes a better showing before our Christian neighbors."

My priest-husband smiled. "There is more religion in Americanism than these gentlemen bargain for," he said to me. The following Sabbath he opened his discourse with a reading. Suddenly I became aware of an epidemic of fidgeting in God's house; then a few of our higher-ups began taking out and consulting their watches (usually a grave symptom), there was a nervous scraping of feet, trustees were exchanging glances—the reading went on; an officer of the temple was rising to his feet, some one shook his fist in the minister's face—my husband went on with his reading; then a cry from the most dignified parishioner. Wondering, the rabbi looked up from the book—then what a noise! A hundred men and women in one voice were shouting, calling their minister names—"Communist, Bolshevik, Anarchist!" The rabbi was trying to get in a word—impossible; pandemonium; then some one put out the lights—the ladies screamed—the lights went up again; now all is quiet; a little innocent boy, one of the rabbi's pupils, mounts the choir loft. "Come down here, Edward!" his father calls up. The boy shouts down: "Shut up, you, everybody; and you, too, daddy. Don't you know what the rabbi was reciting there? The Declaration of Independence, the *American Declaration of Independence*, you bunch of *greenhorns!*"

In silence the pew magnates resumed the services, hiding their shamed and long noses in the prayer-books.

The leaders came with a new project. "Rabbi, we are tired of prayers, and especially of sermons; give us a treat for a while, Doctor. We'll pay you your salary regularly, we'll even increase it; we'll do everything for you if you'll treat us decently. Come on, Doc, close the Bible and let us shut up the temple for a few months. We'll treat you to a trip to Miami, and if we need you to come down to marry or bury one of us, we'll wire you. Isn't that a fair offer, Doc?"

Our family—my husband's folks and mine—said that this was the best business proposition ever made to any man; they said it was a sure sign of a happier era when a higher salary is offered for less labors. But my reverend husband—he denounced this proposal as undignified and dishonorable. Dignity and honor is all that we ever feast on.

It seemed for a while as if our congregation's genius for giving their pastor trouble had suddenly given out, sort of spiritually evaporated. Everybody was smiling on us, and my husband was asking himself what sin he had committed. Then one day he rushed jubilantly into the house. "I am not so bad, after all, Molly," he cried; "they're after me again."

"Is there really anything under or

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above the heavens for which they can find fault with you now?" I queried.

"Yes, wife, they say I'm not American enough. I talk too much about Abraham Lincoln, they tell me. I'm always quoting him and extolling his virtues; they are beginning to fear he may have been a Hebrew himself, and so are losing all respect for him."

With so many sins on the part of my husband, the parting had to come at last. We were going away, and they were giving us a farewell banquet.

To me they were all pussy-willow politeness. They tried to show me every sort of kitten-ear-silk kindness you can think of. They sent me gifts—candies, puddings, and baskets of fruit. I always look for a knife with their gifts; no, not only a knife to cut the cake and peel the fruit with—I always fear there is a blade hidden somewhere for their rabbi's side.

And yet this is not true altogether. There are some who really send us gifts out of the kindness of their hearts, and but for the very instant when they open their purses to pay the bill and, involuntarily, some stray wish leaps into their hearts, "Let them choke with my cake and get spasms from my fish!" they really send them to us as tokens of their love.

No, this too is not altogether so. There are gifts that actually come unescorted of daggers and curses. They are little sin-offerings of guilty parishioners. Many a pot of hyacinths, or an apron for the baby, or tie for my husband, cheering and useful to us, are ointment and balm to the conscience of some sinful member. For instance, dashing Alice never fails to outfit our children in shoes and stockings each time she is ready to run off with a new husband. Alice has great faith in luck, and the stockings and shoes (though they make me sad when they come) to her are a sort of sacrifice offered through us to her god. I do pray that Alice takes now a long, long vacation in this burying and marrying business, even though my children may have to go unshod for ever so long.

But no, I must not resume my story until I round up this statement to make it whole and true. Sometimes, in a long, long while, some one almost shamefacedly leaves a gift: a glass of prunes, a bag of ripe tomatoes, a bell for the baby—little trifles that come with a blessing from a whole heart, and therefore are no trifles to us.

But now to my story. They tried to make that banquet a very enjoyable affair. (I suppose it is that conscience business.) Flowers, toasts, music, and plenty to eat. Congregations are like the summer resort boarding-houses that give you a good dinner when you arrive and a grand dinner when you leave, sandwiched in with the starvation, heartache, and abuse of the time intervening.

At that farewell party a little girl stood up to recite your "Daniel Jazz." She had chosen the piece for its second name, you may be sure, for one of the pillars of our congregation has a maxim which is not very original, "Jazz can put snap and punch and pep even into the Psalms;" and he usually illustrates this saying of his with a sanctimonious smile, for, after all, who but a churchman would think of referring to the Psalms at all?

"Darius the Mede was a king and a wonder." The little girl told us all about his pride and the bad lions he kept in his monstrous den, and about Daniel, who was the chief hired man in the land, about his playing the jazz band and whitewashing the cellar and shoveling in the coal, and particularly about that freakish hobby of his, ever praying, "Lord, save my soul, Lord, save my soul!" And every time the little miss would drone out this prayer the congregation, in one sweeping, good-natured, humoring, kindly, patronizing smile, turned its eye upon my husband and the banquet hall rang with shouts of laughter. So like this unsuccessful divine of theirs!

My husband smiled back and nodded his head approvingly; he was really very happy to see a prophet so popular with the congregation. She told us in your words all about that ancient aristocracy—Ahab and Elisha and Cain and Pharaoh—coming to tea, Meshach and Abednego dropping in for a chat, all about St. Peter, Belsebub, Judas, and the whole ancient royal bunch of them. And Daniel kept a-praying, "Lord, save my soul!" and we all laughed and made merry over it.

So far it was all pure fun. And now began our little soul drama. You remember your words about Daniel's sweetheart and mother, how they were good and meek:

> They washed and ironed for Darius
> every week.
> One Thursday he met them as usual
> at the door,
> Paid them their wages but acted sore.
> He said: "Your Daniel is a dead little
> pigeon.
> He's a good hard worker, but he talks
> *religion.*"

There was a guilty glance in my reverend husband's direction. And when the child told us how the emperor put the good prophet Daniel in a lion's cage and, despite the cries and prayers and entreaties of Daniel's sweetheart and mother, the king set the lions on the prophet and roared to them:

> "Bite Daniel, bite Daniel,
> Bite him, bite him, bite him."
> And the lions roared—
> "We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel."

It was all said in a minute or two, but that minute or so was long and heavy with dramatic fire. I could see the magnates of our temple listening with drooping eyes and noses, and half stealthily casting a look in their rabbi's direction. "Bite Daniel, bite him, bite him, bite him!" Had they not bitten just so into the heart of a pure Daniel? And why? And wherefore? Because he was too zealous for the sake of the Lord? I could hear their quick, uneasy breathing. I could read the words that flashed on the electric-lit minds of theirs—What if this poor, struggling, humble pastor of theirs be really a true, God-inspired saint, a modern prophet?

> And his tender sweetheart prayed,
> "Send Gabriel, send Gabriel!"

And Gabriel did chain the lions down, and Daniel *did* get out of the den, and, what is *more* (oh, thanks especially for *this*, Mr. Lindsay), "Darius gave him his job again."

There was a genuine shout of joy from the innocent children, who were entirely unaware of the plots and plans weaving about them in the heart of holiness. The little miss declaimed:

> "And he gave him his job again.
> And he gave him his job again."

And all the children clapped their hands in honest glee and joined in the chorus:

> "And he gave him his job again.
> And he gave him his job again."

It seemed to me that the officers of God's house looked somewhat angry, disappointed. Whom were they angry with—Darius the heathen, the ancient barbarian? And why? For giving Daniel back his job?

I couldn't eat my dessert, wondering why the trustees of God's prayer-house had suddenly disappeared. But soon they came filing back, and the chairman made a speech. "Rabbi," he said "in the name of the officers and members of this temple, I pray you to forgive us the wrong we have done you, and to remain the guide and counselor of our souls."

No, sir, these twentieth-century polite gentlemen would not let a drunken, antiquated barbarian like Darius outshine them in humaneness and justice; besides, Jews are famous for delicate consciences.

Now you see why Daniel had to go through all those trials—to serve, like the law-book cases, as a merciful precedent for my husband. But really, without the jazz all his distress and the king's fitful magnanimities were of no avail—it was the *jazz* that gave prestige to the prophet.

Do you wonder now why I thank you? Think of it—for another whole year my children shall not know of hunger, winter will not find them cold, nor sickness without medicine! When we came home from that happy farewell-stay party, I fell upon my husband's neck, and, weeping for joy, told him this.

He beamed on me in his dreamy, affectionate way, and said: "Yes, yes, I had forgotten that side of it, Molly, dear. But think, sweetheart, how many texts in the Bible I have not yet had occasion to preach on! Another year gives me at least fifty Sabbaths!"

Oh, what does it matter, Mr. Lindsay, even if my joy be not as high and as exalted as his? I am nevertheless as grateful.

With honest thanks, believe me,
Most cordially,
MOLLY AMOS.

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# THE PERMIT KINGDOM

## BY EMMA SAREPTA YULE

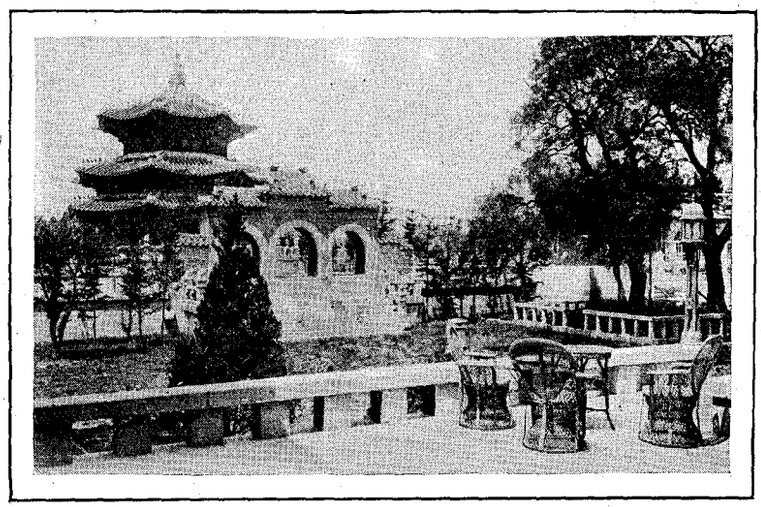
IN past days the peninsula known on the map as Korea was called the "Hermit Kingdom." To-day a new sobriquet is attaching itself to it, the "Permit Kingdom." And, as is the way with nicknames, it is a fair description in a capsular form.

If you are a resident of Korea and a friend drops in on you unexpectedly or otherwise, for overnight or longer, you must at once report this to the police or be heavily fined for not getting a permit. Should there be anything unusual —that is, to the Japanese mind—in your report, say friends from different places and staying for different lengths of time, your statement may not suffice. Policemen in blue and gendarmes in khaki, both brave in gold and red braid and clanking swords and with much display of an attitude of authority, will call at your residence and before your permit is forthcoming you will be interrogated until, if it is your first experience, amazement will succeed annoyance. Whos, whats, whys, wheres, whens, and wherefores will hit you volley after volley. And to no query may you raise the objection, "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

Possibly further permits, should the visit be one of some duration, will have to be secured. One can easily imagine an aspiring, officious gendarme inspecting, and probably blue-penciling, your menus for the day and plans for diversion. One can hear him say: "Very sorry to you, please excuse, but your lady guests please not wear so small skirt while in Chosen. Also, please, men guests not laugh on street. Very bad for Koreans to see these things." Fancy may have taken a bit of a canter here, but Truth on other roads would have gone farther and faster.

Truly, this permitting, while it has its amusing side, else it could not be borne, is no joke. It is harrying. The tourist of course scarcely feels it. It is wisdom not to hamper him and his shower of shekels. But for those who dwell in the land, and particularly for those whose heritage it is, life is one permit after another, varied only by *Verboten* whose number is legion.

To one who has spent many, many wholly delightful months in Japan in different years, who is second to none in admiration for the past and the present of its people, who likes their pleasant courtesy and finds real recreation and unceasing interest in their country, the Japanese as they are in Korea are not only an unpleasant surprise, but well-nigh unbelievable. During a few weeks recently spent in the "Permit Kingdom" this transformation gave me a succession of rude shocks; and I felt regret, almost sorrow, as well as wonder at the change. It was like looking at the distorted shape of something that had once been pleasing in its symmetry. Arrogance with flecks of impudence instead of the old courtesy; swagger instead of dignity; an insistent see-what-I-am-doing instead of the deprecating modesty with which one has grown familiar in Japan. I kept repeating to myself, "How can they be so utterly different in this land which they are ruling from what they are in their own country?" As the many thousands sent to Korea could not be picked for this peculiarity, and as it is noticeable to a lesser degree in the business man and transients as well, I came to the conclusion that to transplant a Japanese in a region over which the Rising Sun flag is waving causes a psychological change, a character metamorphosis.



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AND TRIPLE ARCH WITH "KING'S STONE," AS SEEN FROM HOTEL TERRACE, SEOUL

"The much-boasted-of Government hotel in Seoul is built in the grounds of the Temple of Heaven, the most sacred place to the Koreans in the city. . . . I could not like the setting for thinking of the thousands of hearts that this desecration is hurting"

If one is familiar with Japan through time spent there until the ways of the country have sunken in, the change is apparent as soon as one steps aboard the steamer at Shimonoseki—indeed, even in the station. The difference becomes more intensive, as it were, with each mile northward, until by the time Seoul is reached one's annoyance, resentment, or just plain irritation is most disturbing. Not from one's personal experience exactly; just from the human atmosphere.

This same atmosphere may prevent realization of anticipation in the hotel in Seoul. My anticipation was rooted in past idyllic months in the well-known hotels that have brought fame to Japan. Money and effort have done their part in the Seoul hostelries. It was not the inanimate that stirred me, but the animate. It was so different from Japan, and yet the whole force were Japanese. Again, in past days in Japan the policeman had always been my dependable aid, my friend, ever kindly, courteous, and helpful. Conceive the shock and rebound when on my first day in Seoul, in reply to a question put most politely as to direction, the blue-uniformed, sword-girded creature looked at me with an imitation of superciliousness, barely twitched his thumb, then turned his back, clanked his sword, and resumed his occupation of looking like a guardian of peace and order. To be fair in judgment, I afterward tested sundry of these officers, and always with results varying only in personal interpretation of the haughty policeman in a foreign possession of Nippon. My thankfulness that I did not want a permit grew with each test.

All praise for the material improvements made by the Japanese in Korea. But this could have been done without a metamorphosis of character, a change of aura. Improvements may have consideration for that which is esteemed by other human beings. The regard for all objects associated with sacred things in Japan impresses even the indifferent. Just spots are held sacred in making new improvements, even in that land of limited space. Yet the much-boasted-of Government hotel in Seoul is built in the grounds of the Temple of Heaven, the most sacred place to the Koreans in the city. The utilization, with true Japanese artistic instinct, of all the best points of the grounds does not make it less a sacrilege. While drinking tea on the hotel terrace overlooking the ancient temple I could not like the setting for thinking of the thousands of hearts that this desecration is hurting. The hotel manager told me with vainglory of how the old grounds and gates and so on were used and preserved, though changed. In his telling he seemed unconscious of, utterly ignored, the fact that the place



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was ground sacred to the country's people, and that in his own land the hotel would have had another site. And this in face of the fact that Korea was Japan's first teacher in the religious architecture for which the land is famed. How can they so forget? As a source of Japanese culture respect would seem to be due.

Fine Government buildings are signs of progress. But was it necessary that the new building should have been so located as to wholly cut off, put in the back yard, as it were, the old North Palace and grounds? The long unused Imperial Palace in Kyoto is preserved with almost holy love. Why did not tact at least keep in its proper setting this palace and grounds for the Koreans, by whom it is revered as the Kyoto palace is by the Japanese? But no; to the Japanese in Korea the country has no past, only Japanese-made present and future. It was bad enough to spoil the grounds and surroundings of the palace with the hideous exhibition buildings and mar the entrance with a museum of unpardonable architecture and filled with "see-what-I-have-done" things, without this crowning piece of arrogance. Why do they do these stupid things? One says it over and over. I watched with throat chokes groups of Koreans, their long white garments accenting the tragic sorrow depicted on their faces, walking through the arcades in the palace grounds, gazing in silence on the pillared Hall of Audience, always, it seemed, with their backs turned on the scaffolded building rearing its huge bulk near the fine gate. And my thoughts went to palaces and other buildings in Japan preserved, revered, because of their past association with the history of the country. Because I so sincerely like and admire the homeland Japanese, regret that was akin to grief was felt that in this fair land they are so different; seeking to destroy, not to preserve.

Adeptly, astutely, the Japanese can on his native heath put himself in the other fellow's place. But in his annexed territory he is Teuton-like in not understanding or caring how the other fellow will think and feel. The instances showing this can be multiplied, and with no small multiplier. Only a strait separates Japan from Korea. But the transformation of Japanese character produced by crossing this strip of water, more hallowed by history than any other waters washing the shores of the Island Empire, is a thing to marvel at.

There is the new geographical nomenclature of Korea. What possible line of mental antics could have resolved on this folly? The country is far older in civilization and political geography than Japan; the name of each river, mountain, town, had its local association and meaning. Then to expect the people to purr approval when all these names by a stroke of a pen are obliterated (so decreed) and names made in Japan substituted! Can so superlative a piece of arrogance be paralleled in history's records? Will the *Verbotens* make the Koreans in their souls speak the new names? Never! Pingyang will never be Heijo, or Seoul Keijo to a Korean. Will the world bother to forget the old and learn the new? Will all the literature extant on Korea be changed? Methinks not. A decree by the Government of Korea is not going to make the world speak of the Koreans as Chosenese—at least not till more than one generation has passed. And of what use? The Korean names are perfectly good names, preferable to the ear and tongue as mere words. Then consider it as an example of efficiency. All publications for general use must give two names—one, usually the Korean, in parenthesis. A key would be necessary without the double names. In this day of paper shortage, cost of printing, and other costs what a waste! A heap of things could be done for the country's welfare with the cost of these Japanese-made geographical names. Besides, there is the indirect cost because of the psychological effect on the Koreans. The Japanese as he is in his own country would never have done it. So Korea is called the "Kingdom of Two Names" as well as the "Permit Kingdom." It is ludicrous. That which appeals to the sense of the ludicrous never commands respect though pomp and circumstance surround it.

On a par with the doubling of the geographical names is the attempt to give the country bodily, as it were, the Japanese language. Is there reason in trying to abolish a national mother tongue, a language, not a dialect, spoken from one end of the land to the other; a language in which a classic literature is written? More than that, the language that was the source of Japanese language and the first fount of culture from which Japan drank in the early periods of her evolution. How preposterous, then, just because in the course of human events the flag of Japan floats over the peninsula, to make or try to make the language of that country not only the Court vehicle of speech but the speech of the hearth and mart; to decree that it shall be the language in which all instruction is to be imparted in the schools! Surely the one who perpetrated this plan must have imbibed deeply but not discriminatingly from the Nietzschean stein.

Although they are excluded from school history work to-day, Korea has its own perfectly good heroes, both legendary and historical, but when Arbor Day was instituted—and an admirable thing it is—the day fixed upon and proclaimed is April 3, the assumed birthday of Jimmu Tenno, Japan's legendary first Emperor. Now why was this fine opportunity to do the obvious passed by? It was not even polite, to say nothing of being tactless.

It would appear to be something of a job to step into a land which has a civilization, a past rich in culture, though a little on the down hill, a bit out at the elbows, and hoist your banner and say: "Hear, ye people! You have no language, no literature, no heroes, no history—in fact, no past. Your existence begins now. Your country, capital, towns, mountains, rivers, have no names except the names given by us. We'll let you keep your own cognomens for the present; later we'll probably rename the eighteen million of you. You will take notice that from this time on you are not to be yourselves, you are to be US. So get busy." In the United States vernacular, some job this! The Japanese in his normal state of mind would have bowed and said, "Please excuse."

ARCADES AND GATE IN NORTH PALACE GROUNDS, WITH SCAFFOLDING OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

"Fine Government buildings are signs of progress. But was it necessary that the new building should have been so located as to . . . put in the back yard, so to speak, the old North Palace and grounds?"

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# THE BOOK TABLE

## IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?

IT is not often the lot of a statesman to produce two monumental books on the art and science of statesmanship. Viscount Bryce, better known to Americans as James Bryce, formerly British Ambassador to the United States, has probably performed this unique feat. I say probably because no man living to-day can be absolutely sure what posterity a century or two hence will regard as permanent and monumental contributions to the history of government. But for nearly a hundred years de Tocqueville's study of American democracy has been regarded as a classic and Lord Bryce's "American Commonwealth," published more than thirty years ago, has taken a place beside it. Now at eighty years of age, Lord Bryce, out of his ripe knowledge and experience, gives the world the facts and conclusions of his lifelong study of democratic governments.[1] These conclusions may well give the ardent believer in popular sovereignty pause, although they do not necessarily bring disillusionment or even disheartenment.

The first thing that strikes the reader of these two scholarly volumes is their freedom from cant and prejudice. They are written by a man who believes in party government and in democratic institutions, and who has put his beliefs into practice in a long and honorable career. Yet he writes not as an advocate arguing a case. His purpose—to quote his own words—is that of "describing the phenomena as they appear in their daily working to an observer who is living in the midst of them and watching them, as one standing in a great factory sees the play and hears the clang of the machinery all around him. . . . The book is not meant to propound theories. Novelties are not possible in a subject the literature of which began with Plato and Aristotle and has been enriched by thousands of pens since their day. What I desire is, not to impress upon my readers views of my own but to supply them with facts and (so far as I can) with explanations of facts on which they can reflect and from which they can draw their own conclusions."

Lord Bryce has remarkably succeeded in attaining his object. It may perhaps be permitted to an American democrat, who knows the reactionary tendencies of intellectual tradition and vested interests in his own country, to say that Lord Bryce's catholicity, human sympathy, tolerance of novelty, and absolute frankness are especially refreshing when it is remembered that he comes by training and experience from the intellectual and governmental aristocracy of Great Britain. But the words "initiative" and "referendum" do not terrify him, and he sees much to admire in the so-called radical experimentation of Australia and New Zealand. He does not think that democracy is a panacea. He is not even positive that it is an immortal form of government. He evidently regards government not as an end in itself but as a machine with which to obtain a certain end, and he judges a machine, as all sensible men in their calmer moments must, by its product. As an example of his fairness in stating facts the reader might well turn at once to his five chapters on New Zealand, and as an example of the fine spirituality of his conclusions, if I may use the expression, to his chapter (LXXIII) on "Results Democratic Government Has Given."

(C) Underwood

VISCOUNT BRYCE

As he appeared on his arrival in the United States a few days ago to lecture at the School of International Relations at Williams College, Massachusetts

With all its defects, with all its failures, with all its inefficiency, and—what is perhaps most discouraging of all—with all its mediocrity, democracy is still the hope of the world. For "if we look back to the world of the sixteenth century comfort can be found in seeing how many sources of misery have been reduced under the rule of the people and the recognition of the rights of all. If it has not brought all the blessings that were expected, it has in some countries destroyed, in others materially diminished many of the cruelties and terrors, injustices and oppressions, that had darkened the souls of men for many generations."

The plan of the book, although comprehensive, is simple. Lord Bryce considers in the opening chapters some of the features, qualities, and relationships of democratic government in general. He then takes six modern democracies—France, Switzerland, Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand—and goes into their structure and accomplishments in detail. Finally, he concludes with a series of chapters examining and criticising democratic institutions in the light of the facts he has related, stating his observations on certain general democratic phenomena, and giving his estimates of the social, intellectual, and moral influences of democracy.

More pages—one hundred and sixty-five, to be exact—are given to the study of the United States than any other single subject in the book. Lord Bryce does not regard our government as incomparably the best in the world nor does he fail to record some serious dangers, or rather diseases, that threaten its body politic. Its history, he thinks, "furnishes an instructive example of the perpetual conflict between the forces of Idealism and Selfishness." Among the diseases from which the American democracy is suffering he names the low tone of many State legislatures; the inefficiency of governmental administration due to the spoils system; the mediocrity of elected judges; the delays and uncertainties of the administration of criminal justice; the scandals of city government; the power of wealth; the oligarchic and undemocratic character of party organizations; and the neglect by the best trained and most gifted citizens of their political duties, who leave the arduous and sometimes obnoxious work of political management and administration to professional politicians of the second rank. These dangers are easily recognizable by any American familiar with the political tendencies of the times in the United States. Fortunately, an increasing number of American citizens are beginning to realize that democratic government does not mean that the citizen must vote for every office-holder from hog-reeve—a

[1] Modern Democracies. By the Right Honorable Viscount Bryce. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $10.50.



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post once held, it is said, by Ralph Waldo Emerson—to President. We appreciate more and more that the Federal Government is more honest and efficient than the State and municipal governments because in the Federal Government the voter exercises his choice on practically only three or four men—his Congressman, his Senator, his President, and possibly his Vice-President—holding them responsible for the wisdom of legislation and the efficiency of administration. Whereas in the State and the city the voter has such an enormous list of candidates that he cannot exercise any kind of intelligent choice and finally, in despair, practically turns his ballot over to the party boss.

To those who are sometimes disheartened by the magnitude of the social, economic, and political problems of the United States the conclusion of Lord Bryce's survey of those problems will be cheering: "No Englishman who remembers American politics as they were half a century ago, and who, having lived in the United States, has formed an affection as well as an admiration for its people—what Englishman who lives there can do otherwise?—will fail to rejoice at the many signs that the sense of public duty has grown stronger, that the standards of public life are steadily rising, that democracy is more and more showing itself a force making for ordered progress true to the principles of Liberty and Equality from which it sprang."

I think it not inappropriate, because of the hysterical attitude which the Great War has developed in some of our Government officials and State legislatures towards free thought and free speech, to quote here what Lord Bryce has to say about liberty in a democracy:

> Liberty may not have achieved all that was expected, yet it remains true that nothing is more vital to national progress than the spontaneous development of individual character, and that free play of intellect which is independent of current prejudice, examines everything by the light of reason and history, and fearlessly defends unpopular opinions. Independence of thought was formerly threatened by monarchs who feared the disaffection of their subjects. May it not again be threatened by other forms of intolerance, possible even in a popular government?
>
> Room should be found in every country for men who, like the prophets in ancient Israel, have along with their wrath at the evils of their own time inspiring visions of a better future and the right to speak their minds. That love of freedom which will bear with opposition because it has faith in the victory of truth is none too common. Many of those who have the word on their lips are despots at heart. Those men in whom that love seemed to glow with the hottest flame may have had an excessive faith in its power for good, but if this be an infirmity, it is an infirmity of noble minds, which democracies ought to honor.
>
> Not less than any other form of government does democracy need to cherish individual liberty. It is, like oxygen in the air, a life-giving spirit. Political liberty will have seen one of its fairest fruits wither on the bough if that spirit should decline.

Lord Bryce's book is not only a great treatise on modern government, but it is a moral tonic. One of the penalties that men have to pay for living in a democracy is that they are surrounded by a constant and exhausting din of political controversy. Here is a great democrat who can write frankly and definitely about political matters involving strong feelings and prejudices without being controversial or disputatious. In this respect Lord Bryce is like another great Anglo-Saxon administrator, ambassador, and student of government—Benjamin Franklin. In his autobiography Benjamin Franklin says: "There was another bookish lad in town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and, perhaps, enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough."

Lord Bryce is a lawyer, a university man, and was a student at one time at Glasgow University, which is tolerably near Edinburgh; but he is certainly not disputatious. He is a shining example of the persuasive influence of a man who combines expert knowledge, intellectual honesty, and definite opinions with fair dealing, courtesy, and a willingness to see and understand his opponent's point of view even when he feels bound to disagree with and, if necessary, to oppose it. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

# THE NEW BOOKS

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**AMERICAN'S LONDON (AN).** By Louise Closser Hale. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York City. $2.

The author of this volume, who last winter played in "Miss Lulu Bett" in New York City, combines in her book the vivid style one might expect from an actress, together with the acuteness which we have observed in her previously published works. The present volume will be appreciated by any one who has ever tried to "housekeep" in London. Its description of English domestic life and of English social conventions is certainly intimate and to the point. It is, however, tiresome at times in its excess of detail.

**BELGIUM: OLD AND NEW.** By George Wharton Edwards. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $10.

Mr. Edwards has done for Belgium what he did for Holland a year ago. Like the illustrations in Mr. Edwards's "Holland of To-Day," those in the present volume are often exquisite; they are always apt and attractive. His text is as excellent as his illustrations.

**CHINA, JAPAN, AND KOREA.** By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

Mr. Bland is an authority on Far Eastern affairs. The special reason for publishing this volume is to note the extraordinary changes which have occurred during the past decade. Mr. Bland is well qualified to observe these changes in their proper perspective, for he spent over thirty years of his life in China as Secretary to the late Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs. The volume is a report on the present, and not a prophecy as to the future.

**MACEDONIA.** By A. Goff and Hugh A. Fawcett, M.R.C.S., D.P.H. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $6.

The chief value of this volume lies in its vivid picture of the Macedonian people, still living, as they do, under conditions primitive to a degree unknown elsewhere in Europe. Their household utensils and their agricultural implements are practically the same as they were thousands of years ago. The impression made by Mr. Goff's text is emphasized by Dr. Fawcett's illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS

**HISTORY OF THE ART OF WRITING (A).** By William A. Mason. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.50.

An interesting and well-illustrated study of the art of writing from primitive picture-writing, the Egyptian and Hittite hieroglyphic systems, and Babylonian and Assyrian cuneiforms down to the invention of the printing-press and the subsequent development of type faces and penmanship.

**STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA (THE).** By Charles Domville-Fife. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

**STRAIGHT BUSINESS IN SOUTH AMERICA.** By James H. Collins. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Here are two books of value to all commercial people interested in South America. Both describe the economic conditions, the foreign trade, the railways and industries, of the South American countries. In Mr. Domville-Fife's volume we have a special treatment of the laws relating to the granting of Government concessions. In his more readable and vivacious volume Mr. Collins does not discuss all of the South American countries; he confines himself to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay, with a chapter on the Panama Canal for good measure. In both volumes practical men may gain valuable hints concerning investments, advertising, business possibilities, and, above all, the necessity of a knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

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# THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

## "IS THE CHURCH LOSING THE PEOPLE?"

### I

I LIVE in a prosperous community of two thousand. There is no doubt that the majority of the residents prefer a quiet day at home or a trip in the automobile to spending an hour in church. The question of religious duty seems to have departed. They go where they can find the most pleasure. But I should hesitate to say that these same people are not religious and, on the whole, God-fearing.

For the past year I have been an usher at the University of Chicago Sunday chapel in Mandel Hall. It has been interesting to notice the quantity and quality of the attendance. Students are in the minority. The average age I should estimate at from forty to fifty. Judging from appearances, there are people from many stations of life. I have ushered people in frock coats into seats adjacent to those occupied by people who could barely speak English plainly enough to tell me where they preferred to sit. There are professors and university employees. The seating capacity is slightly over one thousand, and there are rarely fewer than seven hundred seats filled. Often we have capacity houses, and on several occasions have turned away from two to five hundred persons.

I have come to the conclusion that if the Church gives the people what they want no lack of congregation will confront the pastor. On the other hand, if the sermon is beyond the grasp of the average church-goer, and especially if it is a theoretical theological treatise, he is going to stay at home and get his material for thought from the Sunday paper. What the bulk of the congregation wants, after all, is "food for thought." And they don't want to hear what the Rev. B—— thinks Paul meant in the second paragraph of his third letter to the Corinthians. The orthodox members will absorb this as well as anything else. They attend through a sense of duty.

In my little town the minister of my church is the graduate of an excellent Eastern university. He is brilliant, a good thinker, but a man that apparently does too much thinking. He isn't a man that one would readily follow in any undertaking. Physically he is insignificant, and his personality does not overcome the deficiency. I never go to church at home. It "gets on my nerves." This man is the one minister of the town who is well educated. The others are fair enough men, but they are in every sense "small town" ministers.

Now at Mandel Hall we have such men as Bishop William Fraser McDowell, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, and others of that class. They know how to speak to the people. The situation is unavoidable. The country church will always have to be satisfied with ministers who are not the best, whether their deficiency be in education, in personality, or both. And the city will glean from the vast field of eligibles those men who possess ability, who have proved though years of service that they have the power to draw the people to them and maintain their interest in religion. STUDENT.

QUITE unintentionally Dr. Andrew Ten Eyck and Dr. Howard A. Bridgman engaged in a debate in the pages of The Outlook. Under the question "Is the Church Losing the People?" we placed their two articles in the issue of July 13. Neither of the two writers knew of the existence of the other's article until it appeared. Dr. Ten Eyck described conditions in a small town which indicated that people—especially young people—are not for the most part going to church. Dr. Bridgman described conditions in five churches in the city of Boston, which indicated that in those cases, at least, people are going to church in crowds.

It was by these articles that the letters on this page were called forth.

On another page there is editorial reference to these letters.—THE EDITORS.

### II

WITH five thousand Protestant pulpits now vacant and the prospect of double that number empty a year hence, we have entered a veritable theological crisis. What we are witnessing is an American students' strike against the Church. It is the more portentous because so wholly spontaneous. Why have these students struck? The common explanations—that there is better pay elsewhere, that the preacher's social standing has sagged, that he is muzzled—do not explain.

They have struck because the theological training of students is out of date. Good colleges and universities introduce young men to modern ideas and the modern world; theological institutions then invite them to take on the harness of antiquity, which they cannot do without self-stultification. They also see the present unhappy plight of the pulpit, where well-meaning men are floundering ineffectually, unable to grapple with the problems of a revolutionized modern world because they were equipped with antiquity as their tool for improving the present.

It is a great mistake to see tragedy or pathos in this desertion of the pulpit, for rather is the event a splendid outburst of spiritual honesty, indicating the only way of modernizing the Church. With only a thin stream of applicants for the pulpit, the churches must either close, or accept inferior men who will empty the pews, or transform themselves into organs of modern life in which trained minds can fully and freely express themselves without obtaining permission of dogmas and theologies. The end may be a Church wholly modernized, or it may be a completely new and modern institution replacing the Church. It will be one or the other of these.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Boston, Massachusetts.

### III

IS the Church losing people? I doubt it—that is, compared with the numbers that used to attend. We hear much of the sacrifice of older people about attending church—walking miles, etc.—but we must remember that few of them did this, just as few of them are now as faithful as their pastors desire them to be. The writer believes that the figures will show a very much greater proportion of the people belonging to the Church now than one hundred years ago. He saw the statement somewhere a short while ago that one person in seventy-five were Baptists in the United States then, and that now one in about every fourteen. This is quite a gain for Baptists. It is likely that the other churches would show a similar gain.

Is the Church serving the people as it should? No. Is it the medium it should be of creating a spiritual atmosphere and building Christian patriotism? No. Why? Because most of the pastors think much more of a member's loyalty to the organization than of anything else. All of the great church leaders seem to the writer to be seeking to build up a great denominational organization. One has to put this claim first to become affiliated with the conferences, synods, etc. In other words, only those laymen who are of narrow sectarian views and willing to put up money and finance sectarian projects are allowed in the inner circles.

The people as a whole care very little for this form of church service. Most of them want spiritual uplift and encouragement to meet their daily problems. It matters little to the average man whether one follows one creed or another—what matters is a Christianity that serves him and helps him to meet his problems and causes him to commune with the higher self.

The Church is combing the world for members, but in itself it has done little to solve the problem of crime, of poverty, of war, of alcohol, of famine, of disease, of hygiene, and many other problems that are shackling the human race. In fact, it has openly fought some of them. What was done along this line had to be done by church members out of the Church organization.

When its leaders think less of building denominational fences and more of pulling the fangs of ignorance, superstition, self-greed, and incompetence from the body politic, then the Church will come into its own. ATTORNEY.



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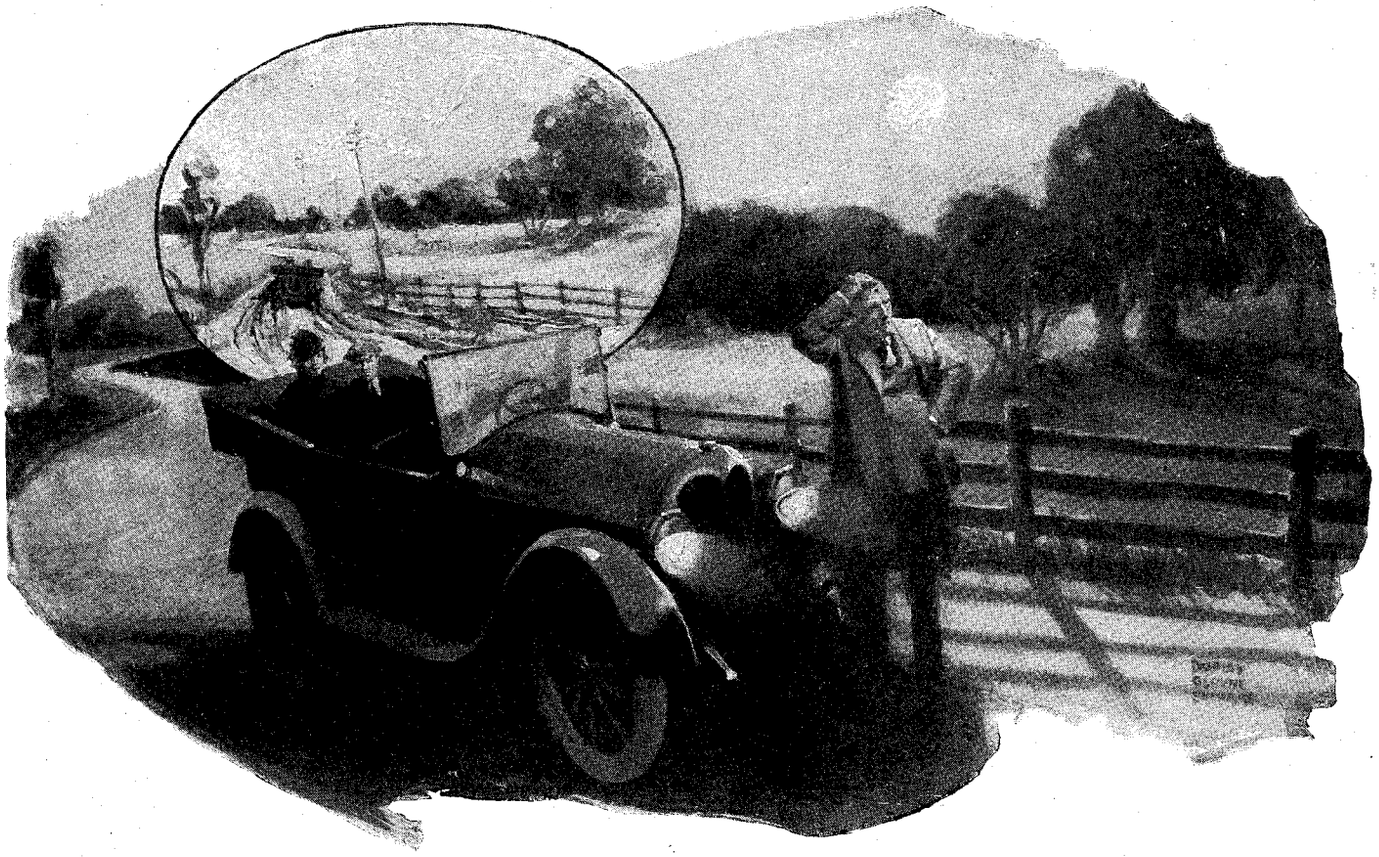

# *When Ed Wetherbee got lost a mile and a half from home—*

"That's funny!" he exclaimed, "There's Bill Preston's d barn, but what's it doing on *this* fine road? It used › be on the bumpy old road that runs past my home.

"By George! it *is* our road. No wonder I felt lost— ıst look at the way they've changed it."

---

After a long absence, Ed Wetherbee was on his way ıck home for a visit. He had always looked upon run- )wn roads that were either dusty or muddy all the time ; characteristic of his home town. Now he could hardly :lieve that he was home.

The next day he heard the story of "Fairport's" :eat step forward. Smooth, dry, dustless Tarvia roads diated in every direction. Road traffic had increased tremendously. The farmers got their loads to town quickly and easily and were more prosperous. The local stores were doing more business. Property values had gone up. A fine graded school had been built. There was hustle and bustle everywhere.

In short, "Fairport" was on the map at last—and good roads did it!

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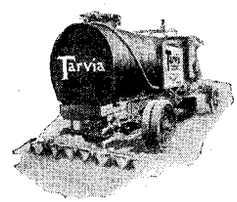
*Write to our nearest office for detailed information about Tarvia—the quickest, surest, and most economical way to mudless, dustless, all-year-round roads.*

# Tarvia

## *For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance*

### *Special Service Department*

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this department can greatly assist you.

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# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## SAFETY OR YIELD

THERE are as many different kinds of investments as there are styles of women's hats. And just as one style of hat may be eminently suited to one woman and absolutely unsuited to one another, so there are investments which fulfill some people's requirements and do not at all measure up to those of others. A man with an income of a million dollars a year, for instance, would probably find it more to his advantage to invest his money in 4 per cent tax-free Government or municipal bonds than to buy 8 per cent bonds of a concern on which he would have to pay the income tax. For a man with an income of two thousand dollars a year, however, conditions would probably be reversed. Everything depends upon the circumstances of the individual investor. There are so many kinds of investments to be had, however, that there is no good reason apparent why every one should not get the right kind.

Take the man with a small salary, a family to support, and scanty savings; he would be foolish to invest his meager capital in a speculative mining or oil venture, where the chances of loss outweigh the probabilities of gain by about a hundred to one. The proper investment for him is something as safe as


# Revitalizing the Arteries of Trade

THE Federal Government has proposed to advance the railroads, on account of withheld compensation, and similar items, half a billion dollars within the next six months.

This should materially improve the financial position of the railroads and hasten the time when they can make much needed expenditures for maintenance, improvements, and expansion.

This should have a direct influence on various industries connected with transportation and facilitate the liquidation of a considerable volume of "frozen" credit, which should tend to stimulate business generally.

The recent decision of the Railroad Labor Board reducing railroad wages on an average of 12 per cent. went into effect on July 1, and is expected to save the railroads approximately $360,000,000 annually.

Lower prices for coal, it is estimated, will result in a saving during the second half of the year of probably $25,000,000.

These savings are being effected in two of the largest items of railroad expenditures—labor and fuel.

During the first five months of this year the net operating income of the railroads was $90,380,000, as contrasted with $26,400,000 in the corresponding period of last year.

The railroads are the arteries of trade of this country. Their revitalizing is an important step toward the revival of business as a whole.

## Guaranty Trust Company of New York


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can be found, for with a small amount to lose he cannot afford to take chances with it. So with a woman dependent upon her income; she has no business to take any chances with her capital and her investments should be selected with as much care as can humanly be exercised.

None of this is new. It has all been said thousands of times before, and it would seem as if it were unnecessary to repeat it again. Yet people apparently do not learn the most elementary lessons of investing; at any rate, they seem to ignore these lessons on every possible occasion. Perhaps it is due to the war. Prices are being deflated, money is being deflated, everything except people's ideas. As one man recently remarked, there is little chance that our business and every-day life will be straightened out until we realize that all of us are not entitled to own an automobile, a talking-machine, and a closet full of clothes; that we cannot go to theaters and cafés every evening and spend our summers at the seashore or in the mountains. While the war was on, too many people became accustomed to these luxuries for our own good. Now they are not willing to admit to themselves that these things are of the past, and that the order of the present day is work and more work, followed by economy and saving. These are the things which will save the world in general and the United States in particular. Those people who are living as they were living three years ago and who seem to think some mysterious force is going to set things right can make up their minds that no such thing will happen. Thrift, like charity, begins at home.

Just as our ideas about living need deflating, so with our ideas of what constitutes a profitable investment. People who bought the "war babies" and doubled their money think an investment yielding 6 per cent is beneath their notice. Only a short time ago "everybody" was making money in the stock market. How many are making it now? As a matter of fact, few people are buying. Compare the recent transactions on the Stock Exchange with those of war days and just after the war. Of late the number of shares dealt in has averaged in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand, which is dull business when a comparison is made with the million and a half and two million share days we had formerly. Dealings in "outside" stocks too have fallen off and the bond market has slumped. Is it because people are afraid to buy, because they have no money, or because they think it will be to their advantage to wait? All three of these considerations exert their influence, no doubt; but is any one of them the real reason? Is it not possible that people are still thinking about the profits of former days and are not content to take a fair and reasonable return on their money? In other words, their ideas about what they should get from an investment are not deflated.

What should one get from an investment, anyway? Should he get large profits or a moderate return combined


# Come to New England this Summer

NEW ENGLAND extends an unusual invitation to the vacationist this year. The principal Tercentenary celebrations, during July and August, will be of international interest and significance.

Opportunity is offered by New England for every form of wholesome recreation. Plan to spend at least a part of your vacation visiting some of the scenes of early American history — Plymouth, Provincetown, Boston, Concord, Cambridge, Salem and Portsmouth, to mention only a few.

The Old Colony Trust Company can be of much practical assistance to those who decide to visit New England. You are cordially invited to make our office your temporary business headquarters and address. And during your stay, whether it be short or extended, we shall be glad to have you take full advantage of our banking, investment and trust services.

The facilities of our commercial Banking Department, in particular, are exceptionally complete, and assure the efficient handling of all matters of a general banking nature. A temporary checking account will afford you much convenience. Our three offices, two of which are in the heart of the Boston shopping district, may be used interchangeably by our depositors. Interest is paid on all daily balances and certificates of deposit in excess of $500.

Our numerous correspondents, including those in the important cities of New England, expedite collections in this Federal Reserve District.

Our modern trust company service is described in detail in our booklet "*Your Financial Requirements.*" You will also find much of interest in our historical brochure entitled "*New England—Old and New.*" May we send you either or both of them? Address Dept. O

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

with safety of principal? In other words, which should a man with money to invest consider first, safety or yield? Investing is purely a business proposition and should be regarded as such, and the aim of most businesses is to make money for the persons managing them. On this basis, therefore, the choice between safety and yield should be made.

The individual's circumstances are to be considered. As a general proposition it is proper to say that the more an investment yields the less safe it is, and the investor should decide whether he can afford to take risks with his money in order to increase its yield. Let him picture himself as having lost his money, and such a picture may help him to make his decision. If he can afford the loss, he is justified in taking risks, but not otherwise. Every one has seen the terms "speculations," "business man's investment," "gilt-edged," and the others employed in describing different kinds of securities. Every one with money to invest should give careful attention to the kind suited to him.

Generally speaking, securities may be divided into two classes, safe and speculative. Broadly speaking, bonds are safe and stocks speculative. Of course there are varying degrees of safety in bonds and some stocks are high-grade investments, but if the man with little money will ignore stocks and buy bonds he will not go far wrong. Because bonds are safer than stocks they yield less, and on this account many people pass them up in favor of stocks—often to their sorrow.

A bond is a direct obligation of the issuing company, secured by the pledge of definitely named property. Stock evidences a share in the business; if profits are large the stockholders benefit, but in case of loss the stockholders must bear it. Take the case of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company; as most people know, this great corporation nearly went to smash a few years ago. Dividends have not been paid on the stock in years and the value of the shares tumbled precipitately, bringing suffering and loss to thousands of people. There seems little prospect of dividends being resumed for a long time. But what about the owners of the mortgage bonds of the New Haven road? They are receiving their interest regularly and are not worrying about their investments a bit. The interest rate on bonds is fixed, and the buyer of bonds can figure exactly what the yield on his investment will be; he never expects a "melon" to be cut for his benefit and he does not look forward to a share in any large profits which may be made. What he buys is safety. He does not expect to divide increased earnings, and, on the other hand, he does not expect to share in the losses. If his interest is not paid, he and his fellow-bondholders can sell the property and get their money. Still, if one will insist upon looking at investments from the standpoint of profit only, it is entirely possible that in the long run the bondholder will make more than the stockholder. Which were the more profitable securities of the New Haven, the bonds or the shares of stock? Examples like this are well to bear in mind.

Whoever reads the financial pages nowadays must notice the large number of companies which are omitting their regular dividend payments. All sorts of reasons are given, but the plain truth is that earnings have not been of sufficient size to justify dividends. On the other hand, how many companies are failing to pay interest on their bond obligations?

Suppose you are a stockholder in the Blank Company, and suppose your next-door neighbor holds bonds of that company. During the war it was probable that your stock paid extra dividends and perhaps the regular rate was increased. You felt pretty prosperous and rather scorned your neighbor, who got only 5 per cent from his investment. Further, as a stockholder you were one of the owners of the business and entitled to a voice in its management. How are you feeling now? It may be that the Blank Company is not paying dividends any more, and possibly you are worried about the value of your shares. The chances are that your neighbor is not worrying, however, for ten to one his interest is being paid regularly and his bonds are absolutely safe. He bought safety and you purchased yield. You got yield for a time perhaps, but suppose you were to sell your stock now? Would the depreciation in the value of the shares amount to more or less than the dividends you have received? Whose investment is better over a period of years, yours or your neighbor's?

Safety and yield are difficult things to combine, and in most cases it is necessary to make a choice between the two. It is for the individual, who is familiar with his own circumstances and prospects, to decide whether he is justified in risking safety in order to obtain yield or whether he must have safety at the cost of every other consideration. This decision made, it is fairly simple to get the advice of your banker concerning what to buy.

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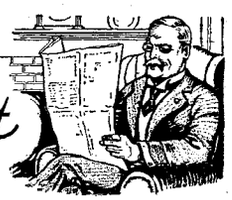

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTES

IF, after taking a swing at the three prize contests we have already conducted, your contest spirit is still functioning, we should be glad to have you suggest subjects for the remaining two that are still to be announced.

IT would be as hard for The Outlook to announce what it is going to do next year as for the New York "Times" to forecast its plans very far in advance. That depends largely upon what happens in the world. And the most intimate interpretations of important news developments are not always written by people with famous names. As evidence, however, that The Outlook during the past year has not been without its distinguished contributors, it will be recalled that there were articles by such American statesmen as Robert Lansing, Calvin Coolidge, Will Hays, Theodore Roosevelt, Harold Knutson, and F. M. Davenport. There were feature articles by such eminent foreigners as Stéphane Lauzanne, P. W. Wilson, and Baron S. A. Korff. There were feature articles by Julian Street, John Burroughs, George Kennan, Bruce Barton, Isaac Don Levine, and W. R. George. Men and women of letters included E. V. Lucas, Brander Matthews, James Huneker, Stephen Leacock, Christopher Morley, George Ade, Owen Wister, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Elsie Singmaster, Stewart Edward White, Emerson Hough, Ida M. Tarbell, Joseph C. Lincoln, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Gertrude Atherton, Hermann Hagedorn, Aline Kilmer, and Thomas L. Masson. The stuff of which The Outlook is to be made for the next fifty-two issues will be as carefully selected and as important.

"OMIT the chatter about New York City theaters and the endless succession of plays, good, bad, and indifferent, presented there week after week, and the actors who appear in them," demands C. H. J. B., of Los Angeles, California. "Delete all profanity from your columns. If in any case of delineation of character or report of a conversation it appears necessary to indicate that profanity was used, a simple dash is sufficient." On the other hand, almost the same mail brought us a letter submitted in Contest Number Three in which the contestant winds up with an explosive "damn" and instructs us to repeat the word until the length of his letter reached the 600-word limit.

"IN the June 8 issue, I notice that a gentleman from Oregon (which State I am very familiar with) says that The Outlook does not appeal to him. I've been reading The Outlook for quite a few years, and I think that, if anything, it has improved. My opinion seems to be the existing one over at school (Carnegie Institute of Technology), if authority is wanted on international questions; if information for a debate is needed or if material for a theme is desired, the English department refers us to The Outlook and to one or two others. They merely confirm the opinion that I have held all along, that The Outlook is all right, which point I should like to debate with the gentleman from the rainy backwoods State."

## FOR THE CRITICS

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

YOU, who in majesty apart
Form and declare the Laws of Art:

How certainly you clip the palms
From Palestrina down to Brahms;
How lessen, with a shrug or cough,
Now Chopin, now Rachmaninoff!
They live or die upon your words.
Please, that Composer's merits weigh
Who, in some rude, uncultured day,
Wrote the brief songs of birds!

Tell us how ranks (for who else knows?)
The lost Cellini of the rose;
Or with what skill that Dorus spoke,
The Architect who built the oak.
You codify and analyze
Titians, Rembrandts, or Fragonards:
That Artist should we scorn or prize
Who, on the canvas of the skies,
Here paints the sunset, there the stars?

How ranks in your enduring plan
The unknown Phidias of man?
Will His works live, the Poet, He
Who, to encourage and console,
Wrote odes to immortality
Between the covers of the soul?

Thumbs up or down? We bide your nod!
Is it True Art, this work of God?

## WORKING GIRLS' VACATION SOCIETY

BY E. A. BUCHANAN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY

FOR many years the railways have given the Working Girls' Vacation Society of New York City, for the use of the girls, reduced fare to our houses. This year one of the roads has refused this privilege, and the Society is obliged to pay full fare for every girl who goes to any of our places in Connecticut. We operate six houses there.

On account of this extra expense, the Society will not be able to send as many girls as formerly unless the generous public and our kind friends will come to our assistance. Owing to the excessive heat of the last few weeks many girls are applying every day, but we can't take them unless the money comes in.

Who will help us give these girls the rest and change they so much need? Forty dollars will pay board, traveling expenses, and medical care for a month at Santa Clara, for a girl with tubercular tendency. Ten dollars will pay for a vacation of two weeks, also traveling expenses.

Contributions, large and small, may be sent to the office of the Society, 105 East 22d Street, New York City. Checks should be drawn to Working Girls' Vacation Society.

## CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

JULIAN STREET is one of the best-known American feature writers. He has the reputation of writing not only engagingly but truthfully. The story is told that after he had published an unexpurgated description of one of our Western cities the city authorities in their wrath changed the name of the toughest street in the town to "Julian Street." He was born in Chicago in 1879 and was educated in the Chicago public schools and in Ridley College Preparatory School, at St. Catherine's, Ontario. He has been a reporter on the New York "Mail and Express" (now the "Evening Mail"), on the staff of which he was later dramatic critic. He is the author of "My Enemy the Motor," "Paris à la Carte," "Ship-Bored," "Welcome to Our City," "Abroad at Home," and "American Adventures"; he collaborated with Booth Tarkington on the comedy "The Country Cousin." Mr. Street writes of old Japan as observed by Viscount Shibusawa.

EMMA S. YULE writes of the Orient of to-day. She has lived for ten years in the Orient. She is now Associate Professor of English in the College of Agriculture, University of the Philippines. She has done educational work in the State of Washington and in Alaska. She was born in Iowa.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER, who presents in this issue some interesting close-ups of British royalty, was formerly London correspondent for the New York "Herald"; he has also served the "Herald" in Rome, Paris, Spain, Berlin, and Cairo. He has contributed frequently to The Outlook. His article entitled "The French Civic Union" appeared in the July 20 issue of The Outlook.

"MOLLY AMOS" is the pen-name of the author of "The Daniel Jazz and the Rabbi." It appears from her satirical story that the wives of Christian ministers are not alone in their tribulations; the wives of rabbis do not necessarily always tread the primrose path either. There is no moral attached; but some reflections induced by this "private letter" appear on the editorial pages.

LYMAN ABBOTT, the Editor-in-Chief, hangs the picture of the Smiley brothers in his gallery of his contemporaries.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN was formerly associate editor of the "Saturday Evening Post" and of the "Delineator." During the World War he was a newspaper correspondent with the French, Belgian, British, and American armies, after having enlisted for service in France and having been honorably discharged on account of physical disability. He is the author of "The House of Bondage" and many other books. He lives in Columbia, Pennsylvania.

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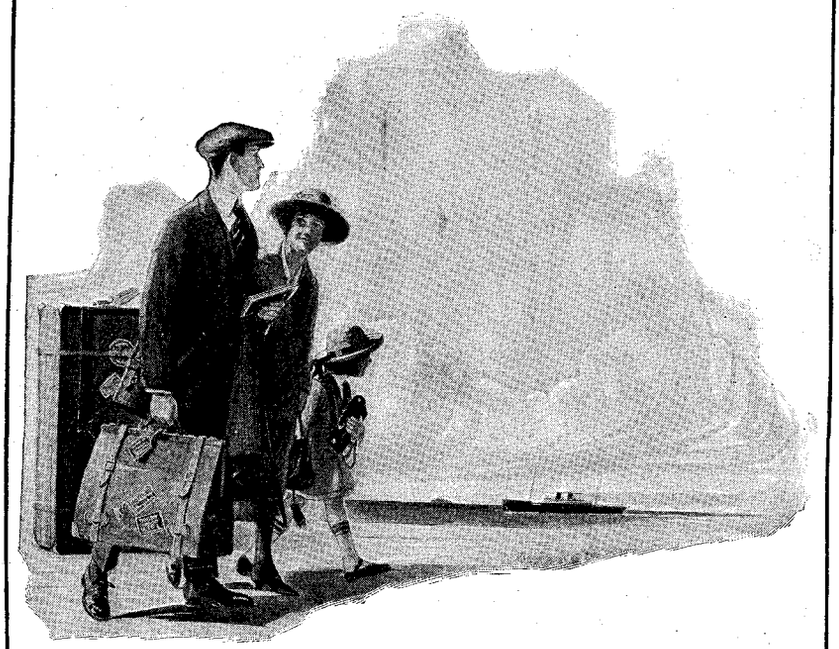

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# BY THE WAY

WHAT is the smallest coin issued from the United States Mint—the smallest, we mean, in value, not in size? Few people would guess. An exchange tells us that it is the *centavo*, in value worth about half a cent or an English farthing. Probably few of our readers ever saw one, but it is coined in millions. It is made solely for circulation in the Philippines and its size is large because the Filipinos under the Spanish rule were accustomed to use large coppers.

The altitude record in unveiling monuments is to be broken, it is said, when a monument is erected next September over the grave of Dr. James Orton on an island in Lake Titicaca, in Peru. The height is over 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and Lake Titicaca is the highest steam-navigated lake in the world. Professor Orton was one of the greatest of American naturalists and had remarkable experiences as an explorer in South America. He was a professor at Vassar College, and was away on leave for purposes of exploration and study of natural history at the time of his death in 1877. The Vassar alumni have raised a fund for the Memorial in Dr. Orton's honor. It has been designed by a New York sculptor, Mr. John Ettl. It has the special quality of following the architectural style used by the ancient Incas. The Peruvian Government will be represented officially at the unveiling.

A hundred years ago a wealthy bachelor, named Paige, who lived near Albion, Rhode Island, gave a party; one of the young ladies left a glove. Mr. Paige returned it with the following note: "If from your glove you take the letter G, that glove is love and that I have for thee." The young lady replied: "If from your name you take the letter P, that Paige is age and that won't do for me." The story is vouched for by a friend of The Outlook, whose grandmother had it at first hand.

A number of small towns of Massachusetts are offering special inducements in the way of a "cash bonus" in their efforts to attract young physicians to settle in their midst. More than seventy towns are without doctors, and these are "borrowing" doctors from adjoining communities.

Dr. Clara Barrus, literary executor and authoritative biographer of the late John Burroughs, asks that all persons owning interesting letters from Mr. Burroughs will communicate with her at Woodchuck Lodge, Roxbury, N. Y. All letters sent will be promptly copied, or extracted from, and returned to the owners.

A London newspaper trying to find the novel with the shortest chapter concluded that the prize went to Bulwer-Lytton, in whose "What Will He Do With It?" the chapter headed "Dénouement" consists of only one word, "Poodle;" but an English critic has hastened to announce that the shortest

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